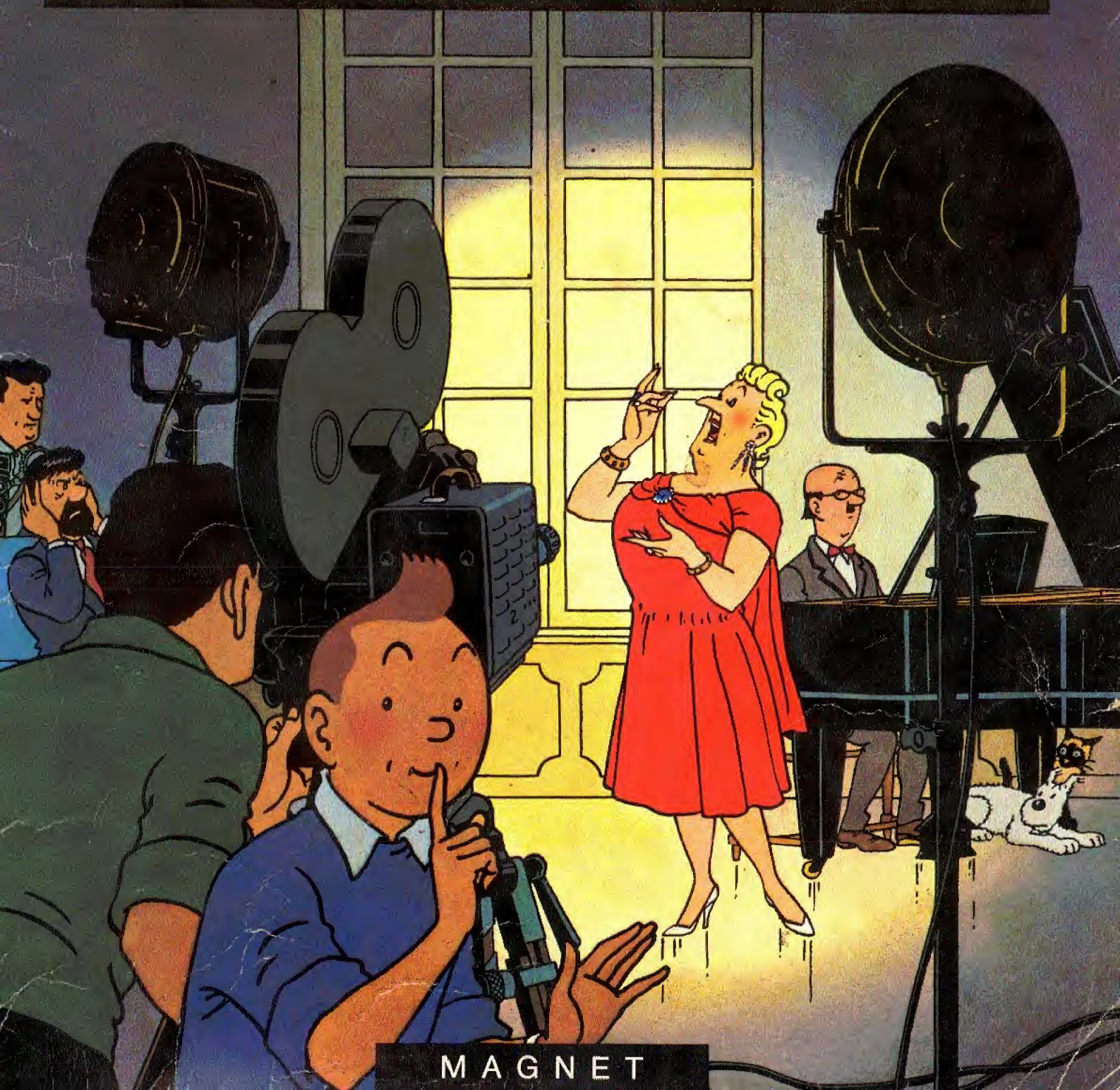




HERGÉ

THE ADVENTURES OF TINTIN

THE CASTAFIORE EMERALD



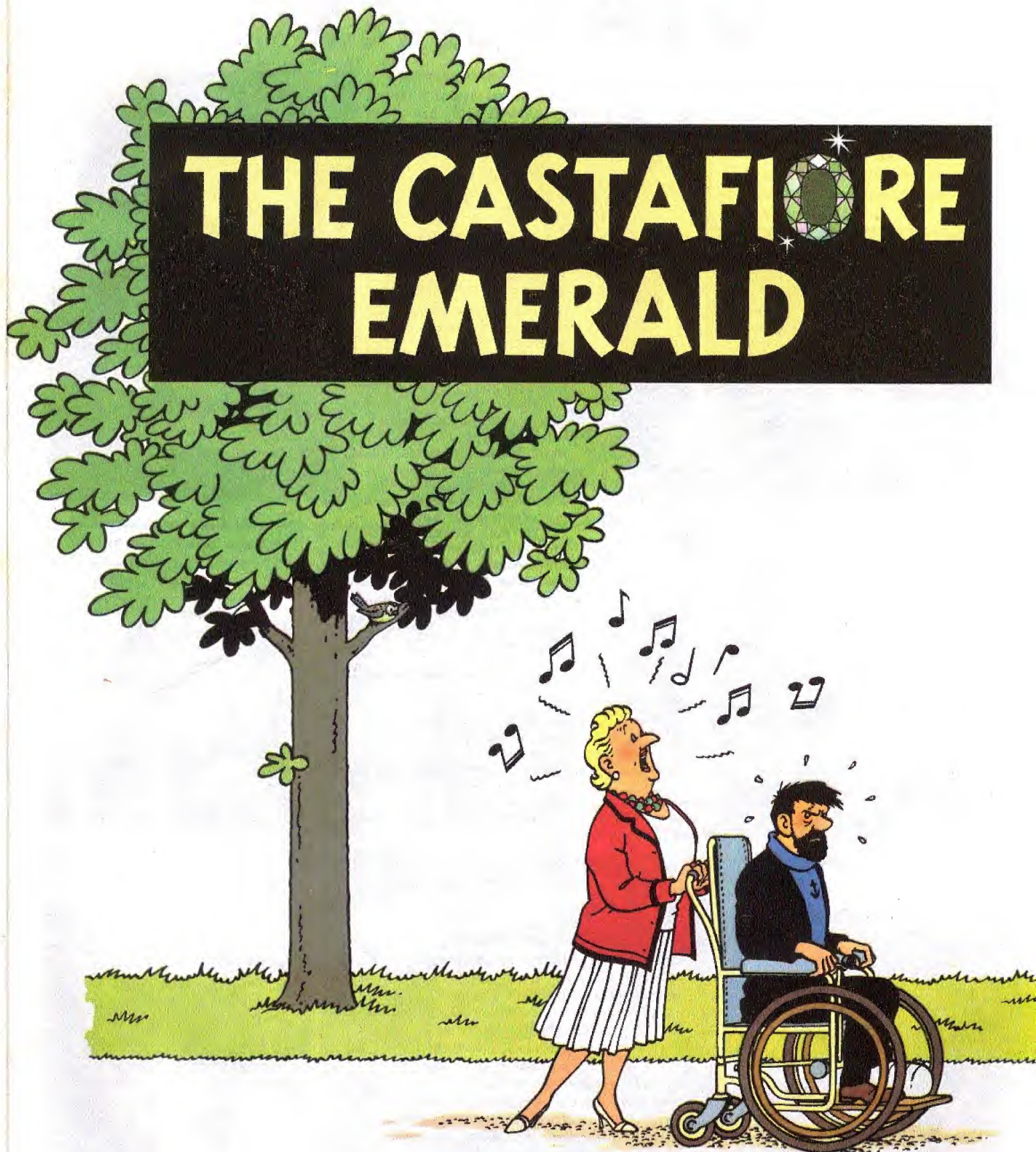
MAGNET

4.00

HERGÉ

THE ADVENTURES OF TINTIN

THE CASTAFIORE EMERALD

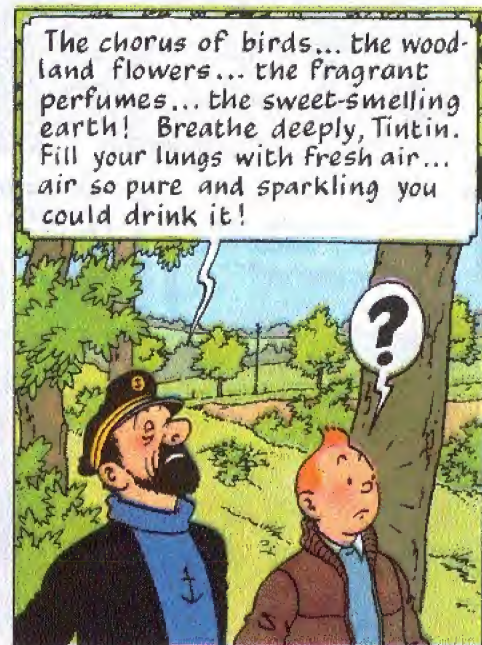


A MAGNET BOOK

THE CASTAFIORE EMERALD



Ah, the merry month of May!...
Spring, the sweet spring 🎵
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!

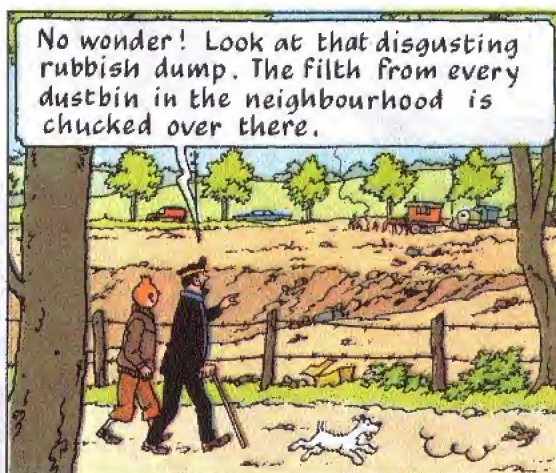


The chorus of birds... the woodland flowers... the fragrant perfumes... the sweet-smelling earth! Breathe deeply, Tintin. Fill your lungs with fresh air... air so pure and sparkling you could drink it!



As far as perfume goes, I wouldn't call this exactly fragrant.

You're right!



No wonder! Look at that disgusting rubbish dump. The filth from every dustbin in the neighbourhood is chucked over there.



Good heavens! Some people seem to be attracted by the stink! ... Fantastic!

Gipsies!



No sense of hygiene, the guttersnipes. Incredible!



Shh! ... Listen! That sounds like a child crying ...



BOO-HOO!



A little gipsy girl ...

BOO-HOO-OO!



She must have wandered away from that camp.



Hello!... What's the matter? What are you crying for? Are you lost?

?



It's all right, don't be afraid. What's your name? I'm Tintin. Who are you?

Speak up, little 'un.



Thundering typhoons, don't be so timid! We're not going to eat you!

No, no, Captain.

HI-I-III!



YEOW!

GNAA!



Billions of blue blistering barnacles!



Little spitfire! Just wait till I catch you!



Look at that! She's drawn blood, the little wildcat!

So she has; but you scared her.



WOOAH! WOOAH!

Now what's happened?

?



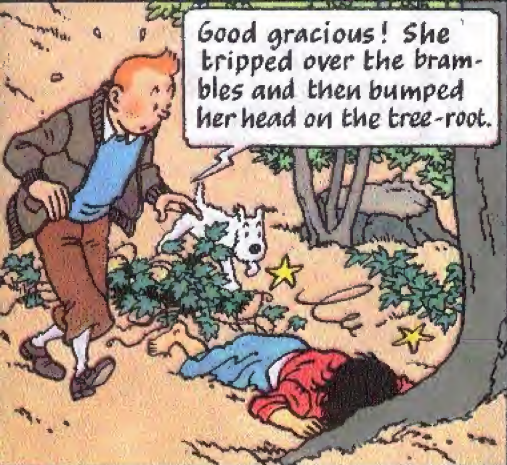
WOOAH! WOOAH!



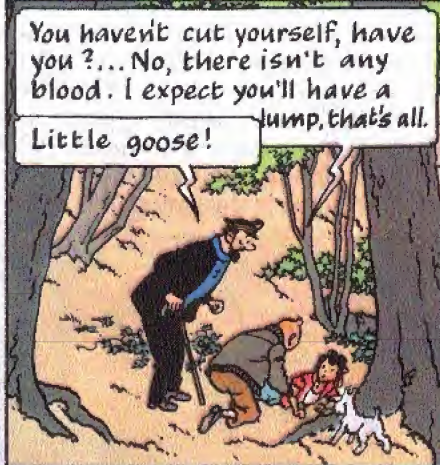
Oh, poor little thing!

Poor little...?

WOOAH! WOOAH!



Good gracious! She tripped over the brambles and then bumped her head on the tree-root.



You haven't cut yourself, have you?... No, there isn't any blood. I expect you'll have a little bump, that's all.
Little goose!



Please, don't be frightened. We'll take you back to your mother... Can you stand up?
KILIKILIKILI!



O.K. now?



A few minutes later...

Mama!

Miarka!



To think that people live in the midst of all this filth!
I know.



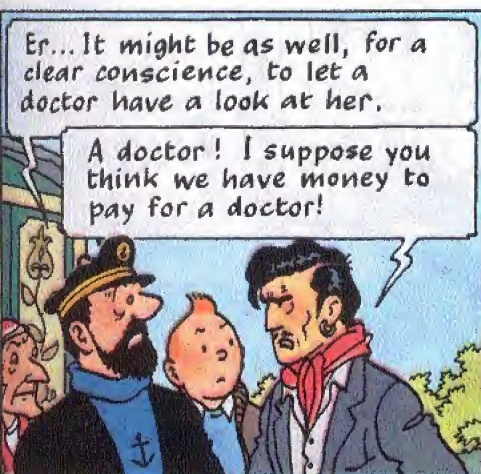
Good day to you!



We found her in the woods; she must have wandered off. When she saw us she...er... she ran away. But then she fell over and bumped her head on a tree root. So we brought her home.



You are a good man. I will tell your fortune. You cross my palm with silver!
No, thanks. Definitely not!



Er... It might be as well, for a clear conscience, to let a doctor have a look at her.
A doctor! I suppose you think we have money to pay for a doctor!



Kind gentleman! I'll tell your fortune... you cross my palm with silver...
No, no! Please leave me alone!



OOOOOH!
What is it?... Tell me!



Trouble!

Well, if that's all you can see, I can tell your fortune, too!



You must be careful... otherwise I see an accident... But not serious ... I see you in a carriage... AAAH! A beautiful stranger approaches... She is coming to visit you... AAAH! She has wonderful jewels, and... OOH!... A terrible disaster...

Go on, go on!



The jewels are gone... vanished!... stolen! You cross my palm with silver and I tell you many more things.

No, no! That's enough! Let go of my hand!



Just a little silver... otherwise you will suffer great misfortune! ...The jewels will disappear!

Me too!... That's enough mumbo-jumbo for one day.



Well, goodbye, and take care of that little cherub. But if you take my advice, you'll camp somewhere else, and not on this rubbish-dump... In the first place, it's unhealthy...



D'you think we're here because we like it? D'you imagine we enjoy living surrounded by filth?

You mean...



Quiet, Mike, let me talk to this gajo.

Me, a gajo?



That's what we call anyone who isn't a Romany... Listen, we arrived here yesterday with a sick man, and this was the only place where the police would let us camp.

So that's it!

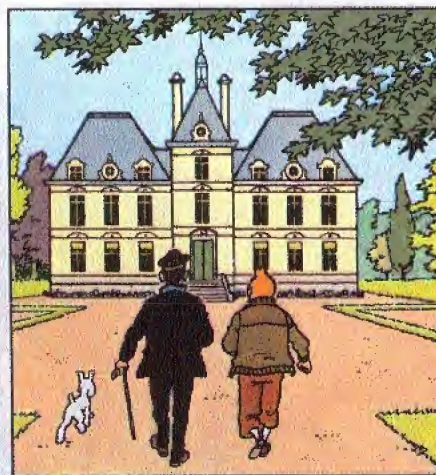


Blistering barnacles! Now, just you listen to me. You're not staying here!... There's a large meadow near the Hall, beside a stream. You can move in there whenever you like.



Making people live on a dung-heap like this. It's revolting!

I'm glad you could help them.



?!

THUMP



Poor Professor!...Anything broken?



Yes, a piece several inches long!

That confounded step! Still not repaired! When's that sluggard of a builder coming?

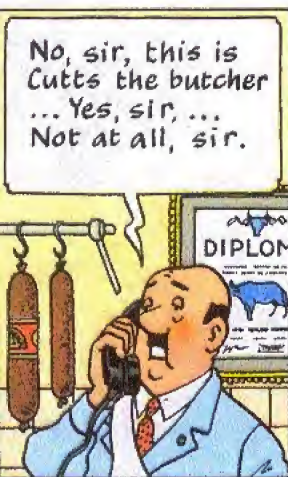


I telephone him constantly, sir, and he assures me he'll come...

Well, I'll show you how to deal with him!



Hello?...Hello? Mr. Bolt?... What, that isn't Mr. Bolt?



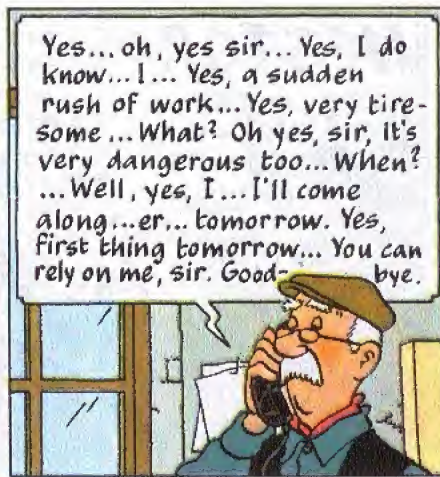
No, sir, this is Cutts the butcher... Yes, sir... Not at all, sir.



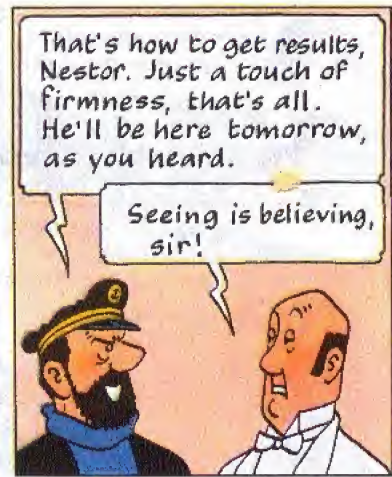
CRASH



Hello?... Is that Mr. Bolt?

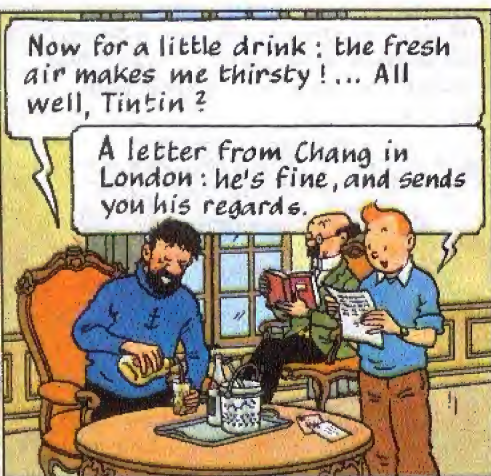


Yes... oh, yes sir... Yes, I do know... I... Yes, a sudden rush of work... Yes, very tiresome... What? Oh yes, sir, it's very dangerous too... When? ... Well, yes, I... I'll come along... er... tomorrow. Yes, first thing tomorrow... You can rely on me, sir. Good-bye.



That's how to get results, Nestor. Just a touch of firmness, that's all. He'll be here tomorrow, as you heard.

Seeing is believing, sir!



Now for a little drink: the fresh air makes me thirsty! ... All well, Tintin?

A letter from Chang in London: he's fine, and sends you his regards.



What a nice lad he is.

Yes, and another letter... You'll never guess who from: Bianca Castafiore!



Bianca Castafiore! Ha! ha! ha! The dear old Milanese nightingale!

AAAAAH ♪♪ My beauty... ♪♪

SPLITCH



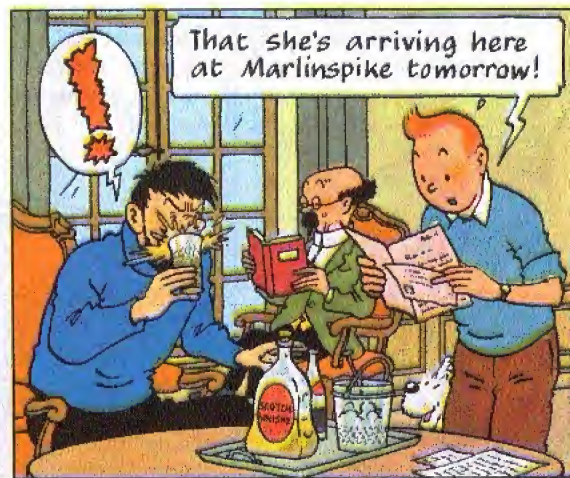
...past compare... ♪ Ma-a-a-argarita ♪

Hello, there's a storm brewing.



And what has that delightful creature to say?

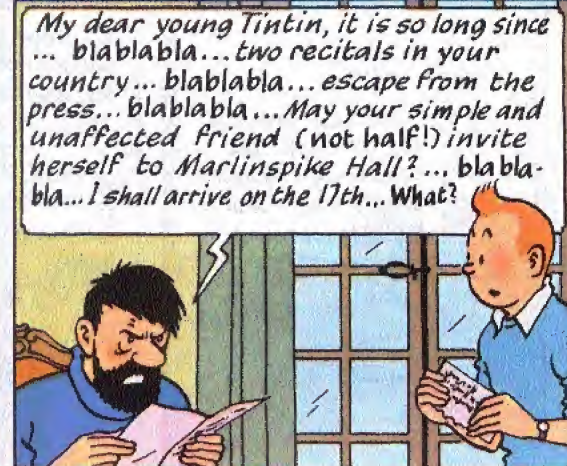
No, it's passed over.



That she's arriving here at Marlinspike tomorrow!



Castafiore? ... Tomorrow??
... Here ??? You're pulling
my leg!!!
Read it yourself.



My dear young Tintin, it is so long since
... blablabla... two recitals in your
country... blablabla... escape from the
press... blablabla... May your simple and
unaffected friend (not half!) invite
herself to Marlinspike Hall? ... blabla-
bla... I shall arrive on the 17th... What?



Castafiore?! ... Here!? ... Cata-
clysm! Calamity! Catastrophe!
Er... there's a
little postscript
for you...



Kindest regards
to Captain Bartok.

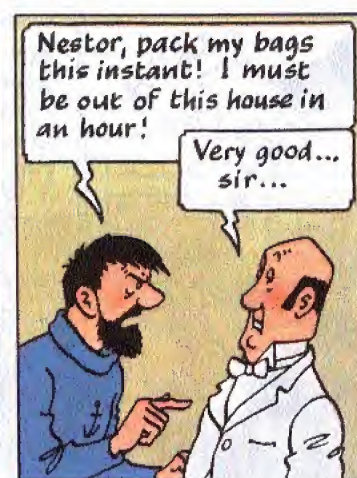


Haddock, by
thunder, Signora
Castoroili! ...
Haddock!



NESTOR!

Coming,
sir!



Nestor, pack my bags
this instant! I must
be out of this house in
an hour!
Very good...
sir...



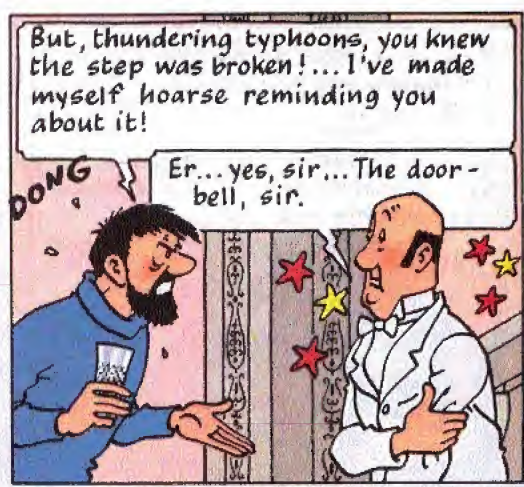
It's no good protest-
ing: I'm weighing
anchor!



THUMP



Er... it's the step,
sir.



But, thundering typhoons, you knew
the step was broken! ... I've made
myself hoarse reminding you
about it!
Er... yes, sir... The door-
bell, sir.



I'll go. You get on
with my packing.



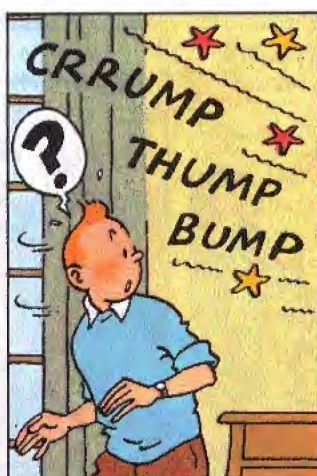
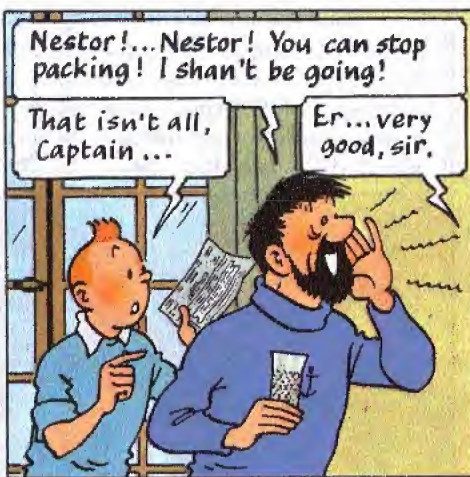
Pity he's going;
the fur would
really fly with
Castafiore here
...
MRRRAW

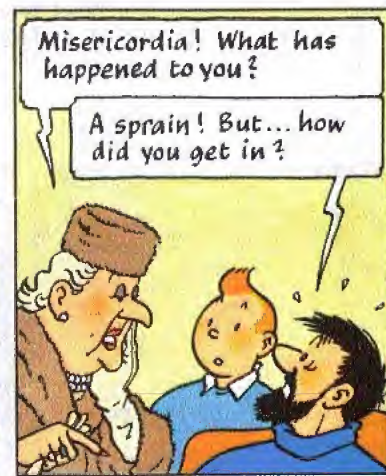
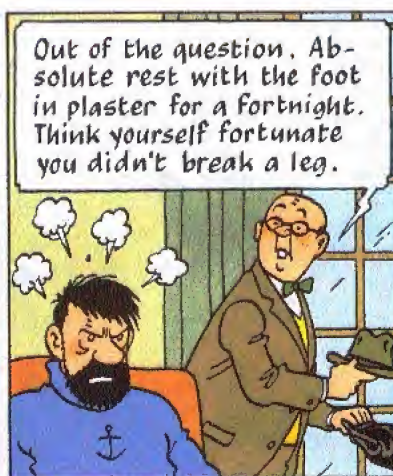
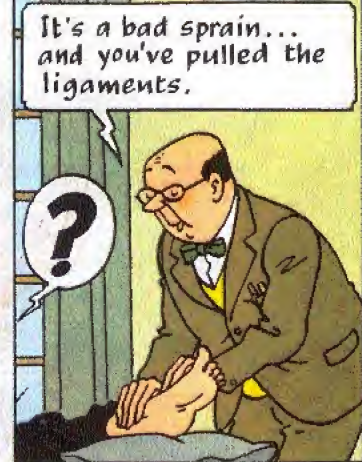
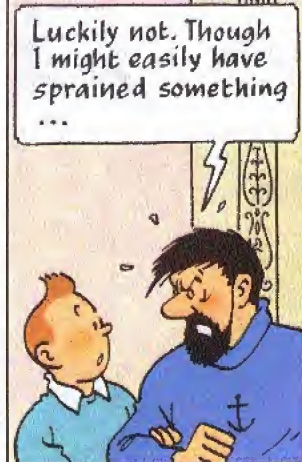


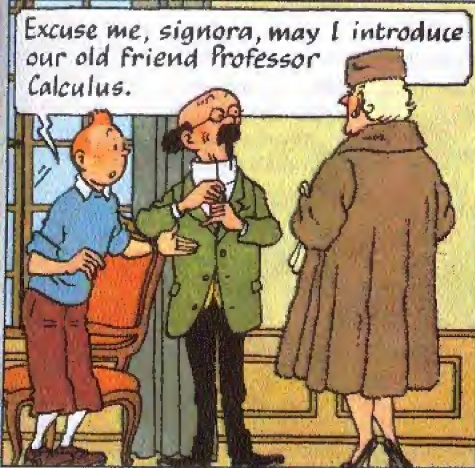
A telegram for you Tintin. Who
knows: perhaps Bianca Cata-
clysm is held up.



Well?
It's from her,
all right!







Excuse me, signora, may I introduce our old friend Professor Calculus.



How enchanting, how absolutely thrilling to meet you: the man who makes all those daring ascents in balloons!



I am deeply honoured, signora. What a rare pleasure for me to meet so great an artist... an artist of such charm, such distinction, such...

Professor, you make me blush!

I sincerely hope so, signora. Tintin has often spoken of your pictures... the delicacy of the drawing in perfect harmony with the boldness of the colour. And your portraits, I know, always display an amazing likeness.



Nestor, please show the signora to her room.

Yes, sir.



How kind... But first...er... Irma, where is the...er...the little something for dear Captain Drydock?

In the taxi, madame. I'll fetch it.



I thought... I thought that an old sailorman like yourself must feel very lonely in his little boat... Il povero capitano!

That's very kind of you, but...



I knew you'd adore...

Here, Madame.



...this pretty polly to be your constant companion.



I... What a... surprise!... What a delightful surprise!... Nothing could have given me...er... greater pleasure.

Aha! I knew it!



Here, Irma, put him on his perch.

Yes, madame.

I can't stand animals who talk!



They've unloaded the luggage. This is where she's staying... To work, Gino!



He's called Iago, a compliment to dear Signor Verdi... He's so affectionate... We love nice Captain Hopscotch already, don't we?



Stroke him, Captain, don't be afraid; he wouldn't hurt a fly.

KILIKILIKILIKILI!



How sweet!... He's taken to you already... Ah, animals have an unfailing instinct: they immediately attach themselves to those they love.

You think so?

CRO!

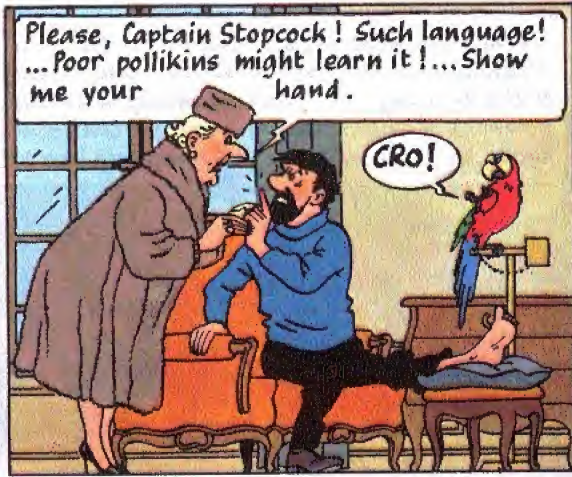


YEOWWW!



Billions of bilious blue blistering barbecued barnacles!... Cannibal!... Bashi-bazouk!... Vampire!

Hello-o-o! I can hear you!



Please, Captain Stopcock! Such language!... Poor pollikins might learn it!... Show me your hand.

CRO!



Now, now... our finger is just a teeny-weeny bit sore... Irmaaaa!... The first aid things, please!



Here is the case, madame...and... this...

Of course, I forgot! Dear Tintin, this is just a little gift from me to you.



There we are... A pretty little butterfly to comfort the poor sailorman.

The Jewel Song!



I'm very grateful, signora. It was very kind of you to think of me.

Not at all, not at all! I thought it would remind you of our first meeting in Syldavia. Do you remember?

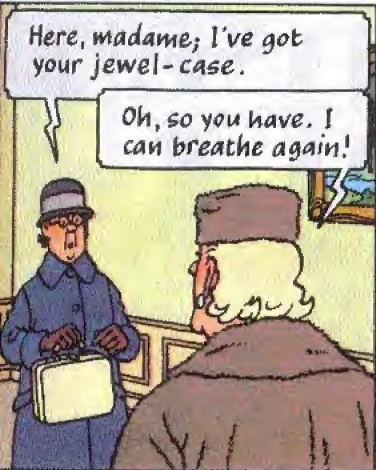


Shall I ever forget it! Of course, that was the first time I heard you sing the Jewel Song from "Faust".

Ah, yes, the Jewel Song...



MERCY!... MY JEWELS!



Here, madame; I've got your jewel-case.

Oh, so you have. I can breathe again!



Now, my man, if you'd be kind enough to show me to my room...

As the signora wishes.



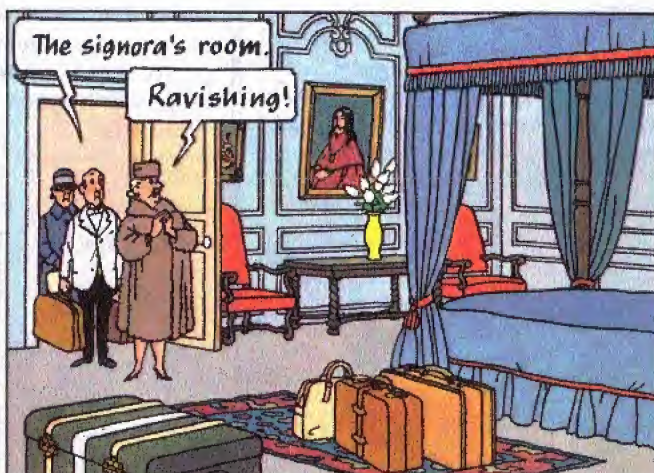
Oh, I almost forgot... The reporters will probably run me to earth here. May I ask my brave sailor to protect me?... Not a single interview, no publicity, no photographs... nothing! I came here incognito; you must help me to escape.

Of course!



May I point out to the signora that the fourth step is broken.

Yes, yes, I see.



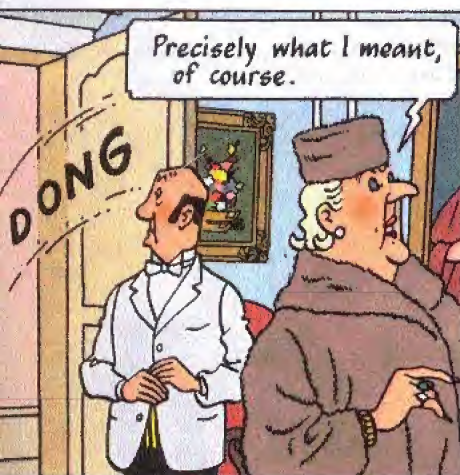
The signora's room.

Ravishing!



What delightful old furniture! ...and a four-poster bed. It's... er... Henry the Tenth, is it not?

Charles the First, signora.



Precisely what I meant, of course.



If the signora will excuse me: the door-bell.

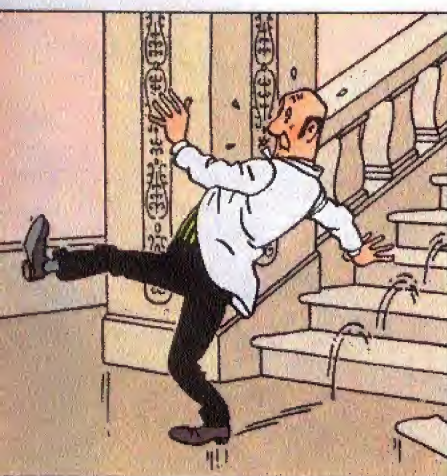
You may go.



Fiddle! What is it now?

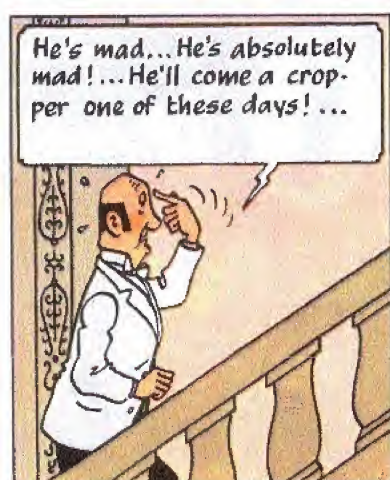
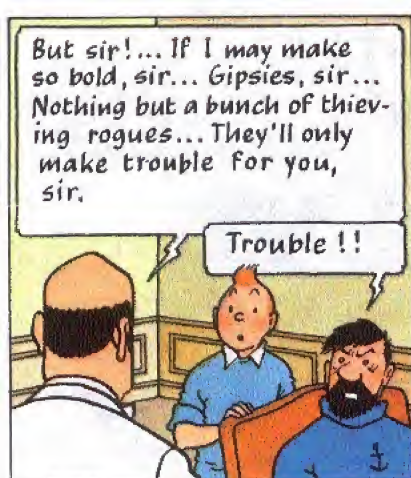
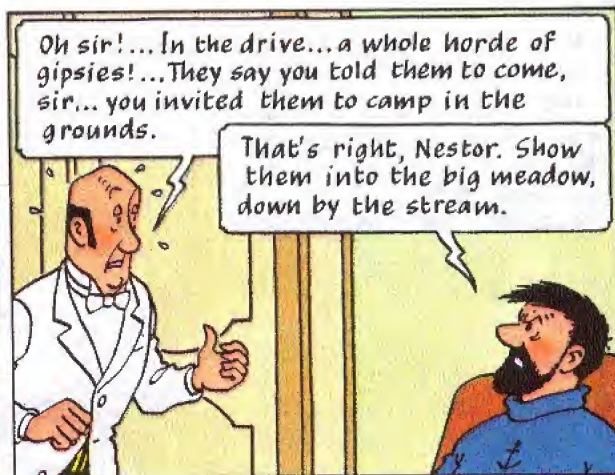
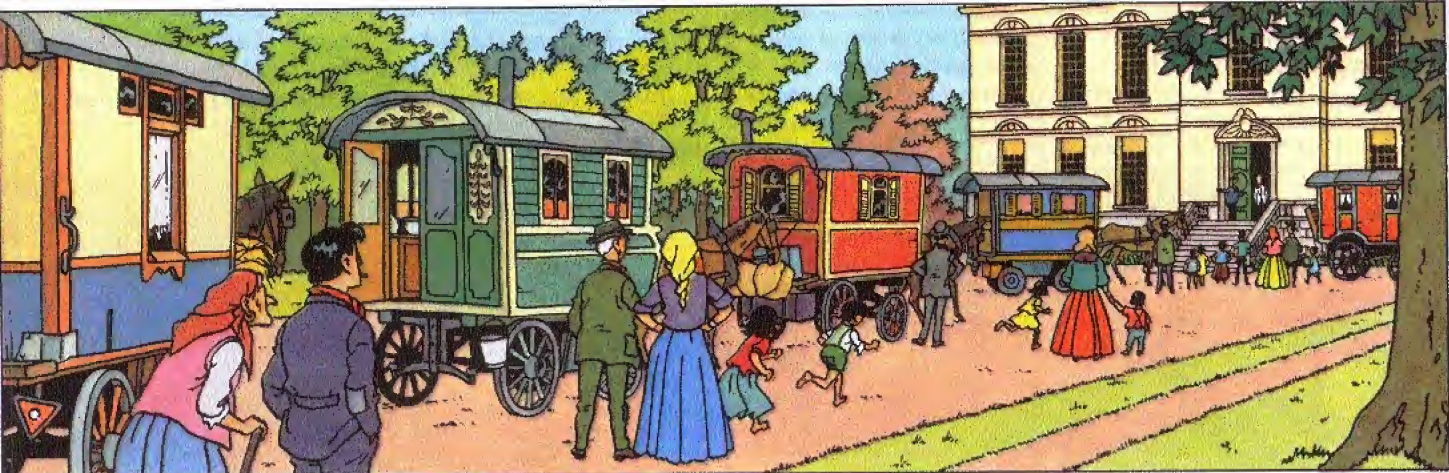


Oh dear!...The step!



Well done, Nestor, ... always keep your head!





Ah, Captain: my men report that some gipsies who were camping by the main road have moved ... It seems you invited them to pitch camp on your land ... Is that so?



Quite correct, Inspector. I think it's intolerable! Those wretched creatures forbidden to camp except on a rubbish dump! And as I have a meadow...



Hello-o-o! I can hear you!

Hello?... What?... You can hear me?... Well, I can hear you. And since we can hear each other, let me say I quite understand your action, Captain. It's most generous... I beg your pardon ... Did you say shut up?



No... not you!... I'm talking to this pestilential parakeet! Will you shut up, you ...



Hello-o-o! I can hear you!

Ah, I see. You're still addressing your parrot... Now, about those gipsies. Of course, you're free to do as you like. But I should warn you: you'll only have yourself to thank when they make trouble for you.



Trouble!... Ha! ha! First I'm bitten by a little wildcat, then by a parrot!... I sprain an ankle... Castafiore descends on me with Irma and that budding Beethoven... And they talk about trouble!... Ha! ha! ha! ha!...



Meanwhile ...

Mission completed: all settled in.



I hate them, the gajos. They pretend to help, but in their hearts they despise us ...



Not these, Mike, not these.

GRRR! WOOAH! WOOAH! GRRR!

Hello, what's up? Snowy's got wind of something.



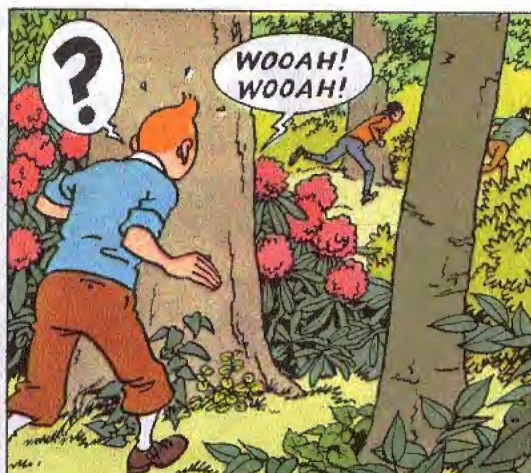
WOOAH! WOOAH! GRRR! GRRR!

Snowy!... Here, Snowy!



?

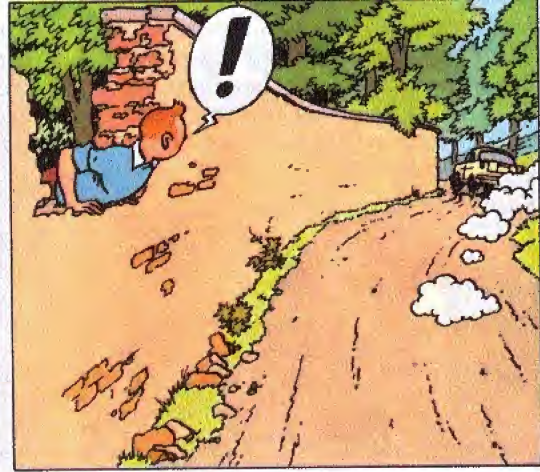
WOOAH! WOOAH!



Hey, who are you? ... Stop!

WOOAH! WOOAH!







O Dio!... Dio mio! ...

What's happened?



There ... in my room ... at the window... a monster!

A monster?



There's nothing here, signora. Absolutely nothing.



But I did; I saw a monster, I tell you... A ghost or something... It was horrible... I heard a long, mournful cry, and I saw two eyes shining like diam...



**MERCY!
MY JEWELS!
IRMAAA!
MY JEWELS?!**



No, no, madame: they are quite safe.



TUWIT - TUWOO

O Dio! That voice!



The cry of the monster! ... Listen!

That?... But that's only a bird: just a poor old night-owl!



Are you sure? And the footsteps on the ceiling?

On the ceiling?



Yes, I heard someone walking about upstairs... It was a man, I'm certain.

Impossible, signora. It's only the attic above, and no one lives up there.



But I assure you...

Don't be afraid, signora. Go back to sleep... and close your window; then you won't need to worry.

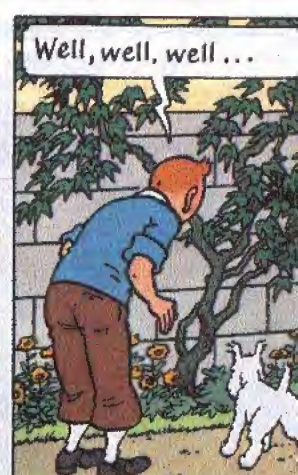


The next morning...

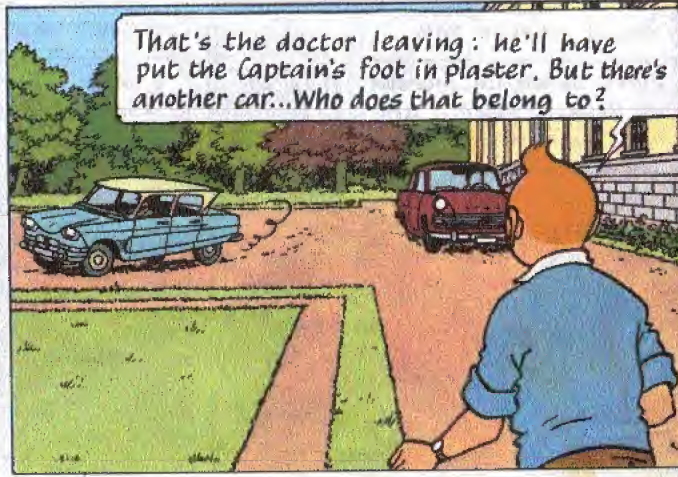
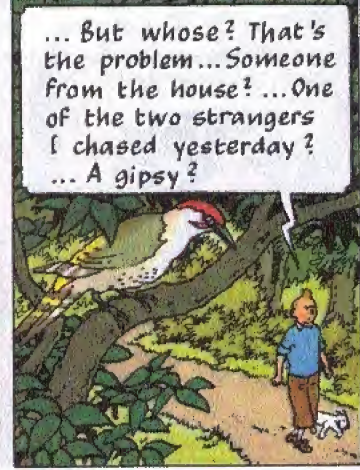
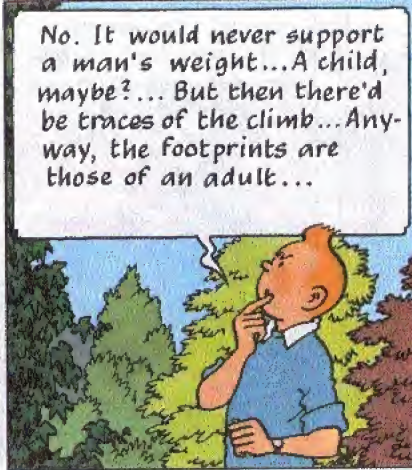
I might just have a look under Signora Castafiore's window.

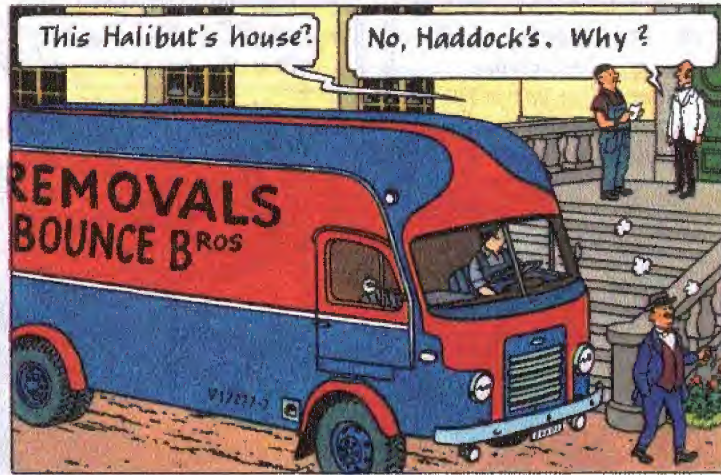
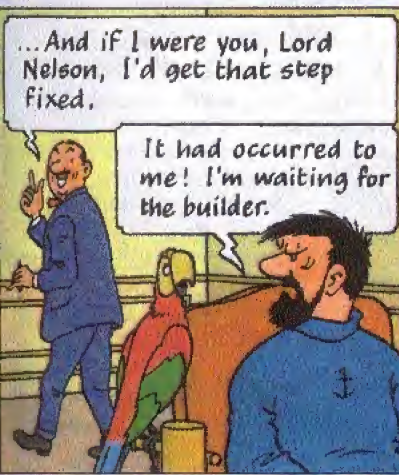
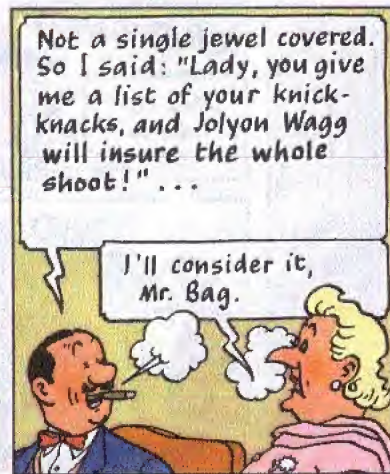
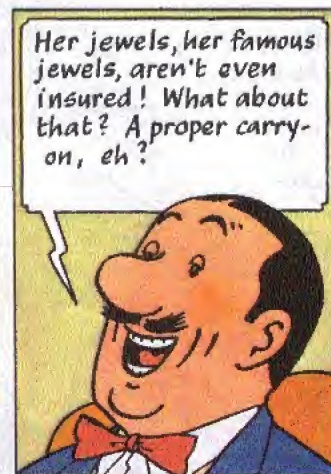
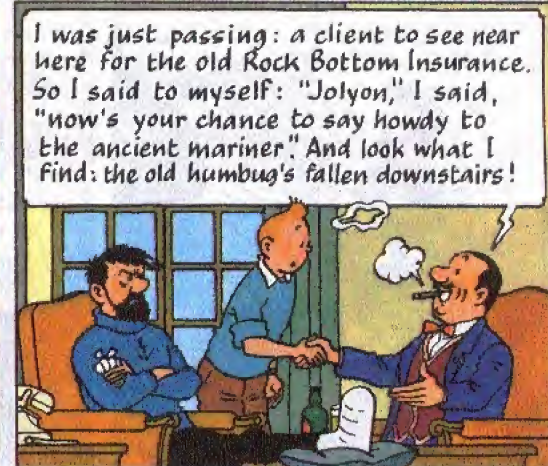
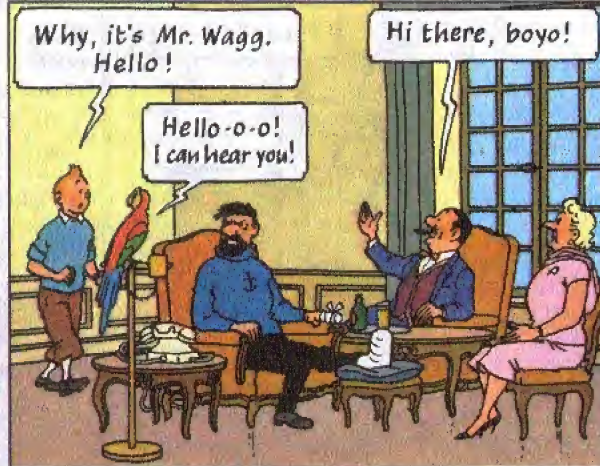


That's the one...



Well, well, well ...





We've brought the piano.

The piano?

Piano??

Piano???

Oh, yes, the piano!... It's mine. I hired a piano, to practise with Mr. Wagner. I do hope you don't mind...

Of course not, I'm overjoyed.

You sweet old thing!... In that case they can put it in here, so we can cheer you up.

I... er... thank you; but the maritime gallery would be better for you.

Admirable!... Mr. Wagner, just see to it, will you?

Certainly, signora.

Thundering typhoons, she'll have a juke-box next!

Is that piano for you?

Yes, it is.

Excuse me, your shoelace is undone.

Why, so it is.

RRRRING

Drat that parrot!

Hello, yes... Speaking... "Paris-Flash International"? I beg your pardon?... What? An interview?... I... er... I'm very flattered... Gladly...

I can hear you!

Oh! An interview with Signora Castafiore!... I... er... I'm very sorry, but Signora Castafiore has asked me to say...

Allow me... "Paris-Flash"?... Hello-o-o!... I can hear you!

Yes, this is me... Of course I'm me... An interview?... Naturally... with pleasure. Whenever you like... Very well. I shall look forward to tomorrow... Ciao!

Those footprints... they were made by the little pianist... Very odd...

The next morning...

Yes, I know... I couldn't help it. I had to finish a tombstone: it was urgent. What? Yours is urgent too: yes, I know... Look, I'll be there first thing tomorrow morning... Yes, without fail.

If he's not here tomorrow I'll get someone else, and that's Plat.

Captain! Captain!

Here's your new racing car.

Hooray! I'm free!

Woah! Woah!

Peace at last... And there's old Cuthbert, pruning his roses...

Meanwhile...

Ah, Paris-Flash! Come in gentlemen. I will inform the signora.

Hello, Cuthbert. Working already this morning?

Very well, thank you. And you?... How's the foot?

Oh, not so bad!... Anyway, I might have broken my leg... Then I really should have looked a fool.

Cool? In the shade, perhaps, but in the sun it's really quite hot.

Great news, Captain - but this is strictly between ourselves - I have succeeded in raising a completely new variety of rose.

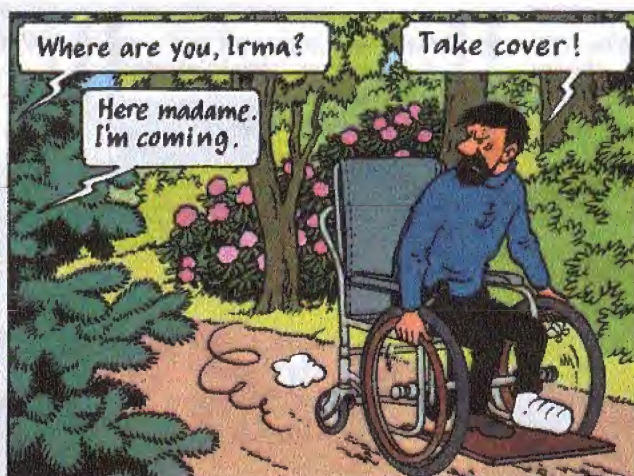
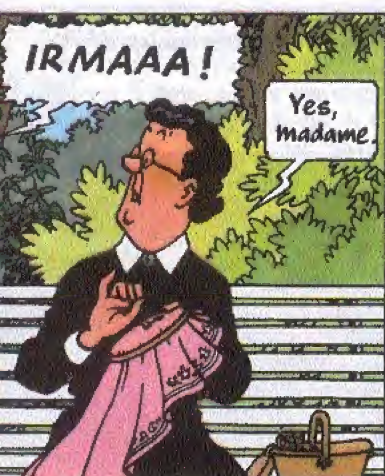
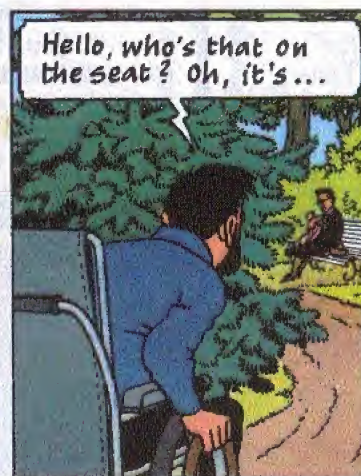
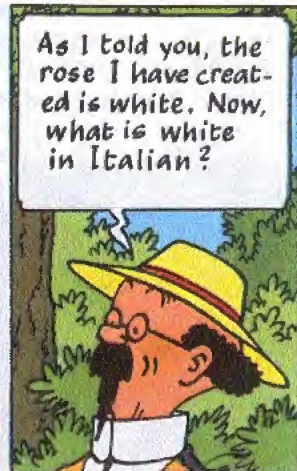
Well done! Splendid!... Better than building rockets and chasing off into the blue.

No, no, white!... But such a white!... Pearly, sparkling, immaculate!... And the shape-perfect!... And what perfume - exquisite!

Well, Professor, I congratulate you.

OW!

And the name? Aha! You will never guess...



If you see him, tell him we've finished. These gentlemen from "Paris-Flash" have concluded their interview and would so like to meet him.

Yes, madame.

Disaster! They're coming this way. I'm caught like a rat in a trap!

You know, he's just a dear old sea-dog, a bit crusty at first, but ...

...beneath a rough exterior he hides the simple heart of a big, lovable child.

There he is, asleep, and in the shade, too.

Zzzz...
Zzzz...

Captain Paddock! Oh, you naughty man, look at you, asleep in the shade! You'll catch your death of cold!

What? ... Oh, I must have been asleep.

Look, I've brought your coat. It's chilly out here... Now, now, now!

But I'm not cold!

I see I must scold you for something else, too... That jersey, it really won't do on a man of your age!

But ...

It's like your hair! ... When will you learn to do it properly, and stop looking like a scruffy little schoolboy?

But ...

Let me introduce Christopher Willoughby-Drupe and Marco Rizotto of "Paris-Flash".

Hello!

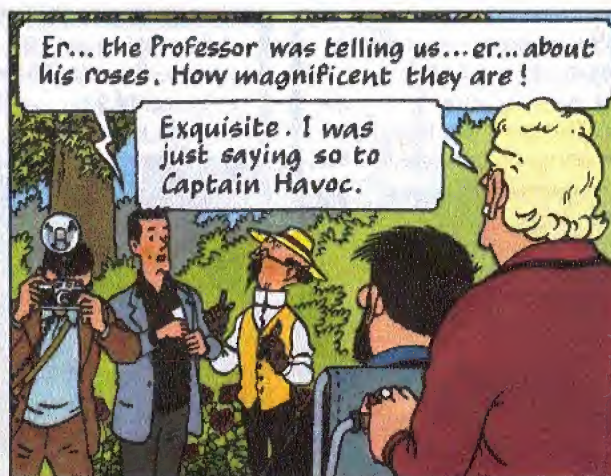
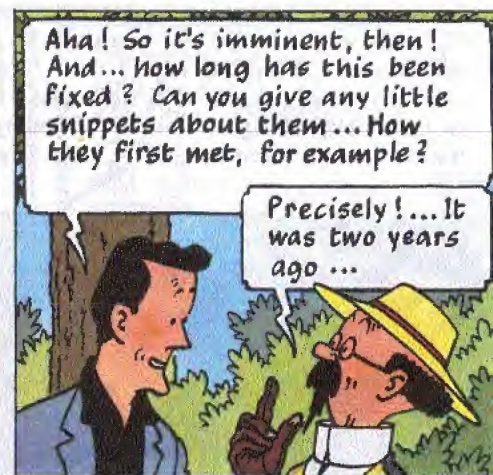
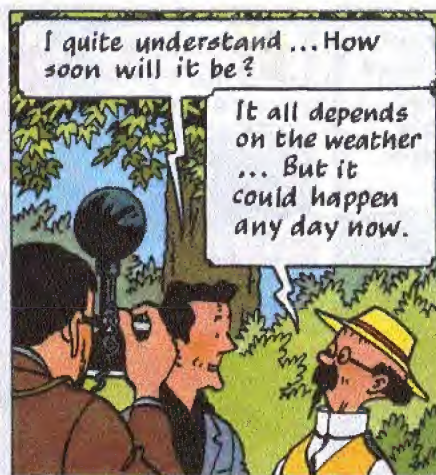
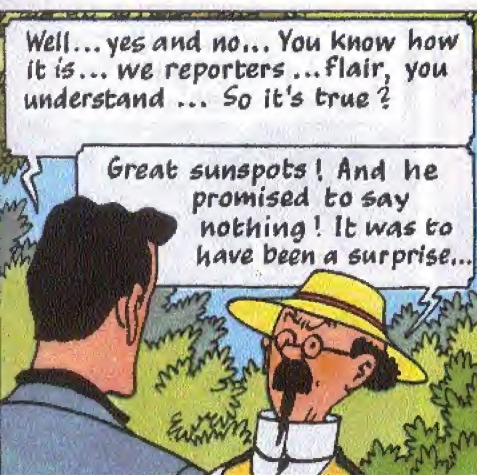
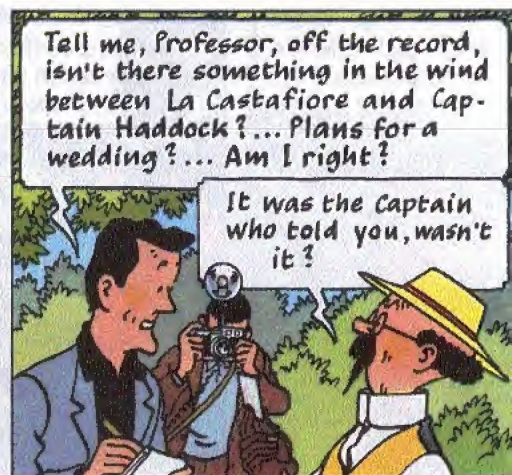
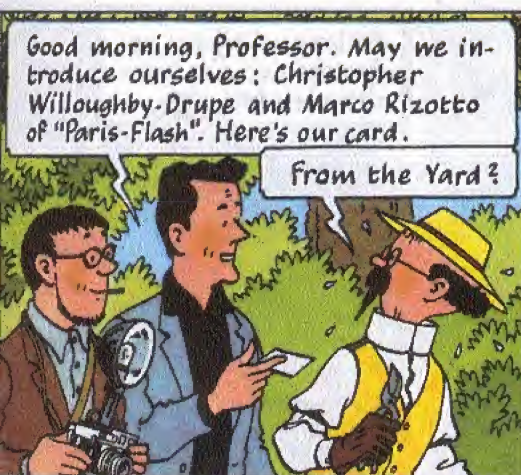
'Morning.

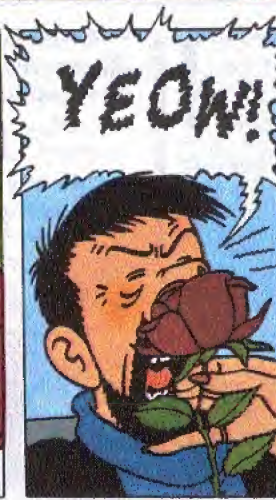
Well, gentlemen, now that you've all met, I will release you. Roam about in the grounds as you please. Captain Hassock and I will expect you to lunch.

Now, my dear, let us have a little chat.

Well, what do you make of it?

The same as you, chum! This is a sensation ... But we must be sure ...

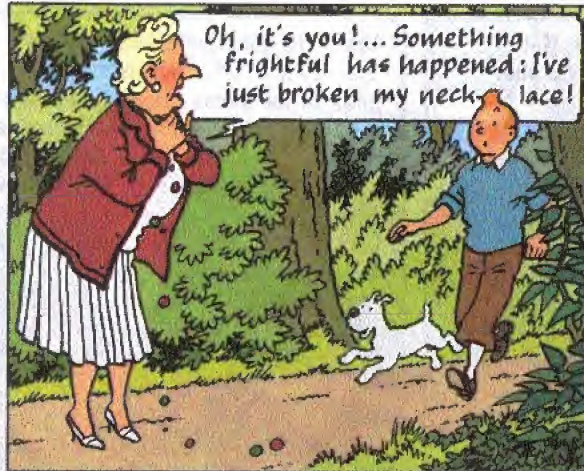






IRMA-A-A!
IRMA-A-A!

Yes,
madame.



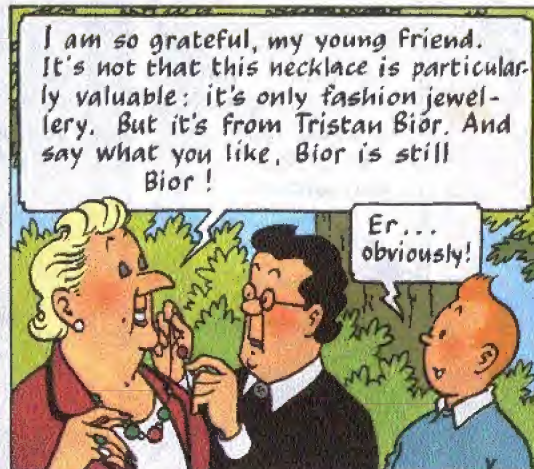
Oh, it's you!... Something
frightful has happened: I've
just broken my neck- lace!



Don't worry, sig-
nora. I'm sure
we'll find all
the beads.



There you are at last! I've
been calling you for hours. You
should have been here to pick
up my necklace.

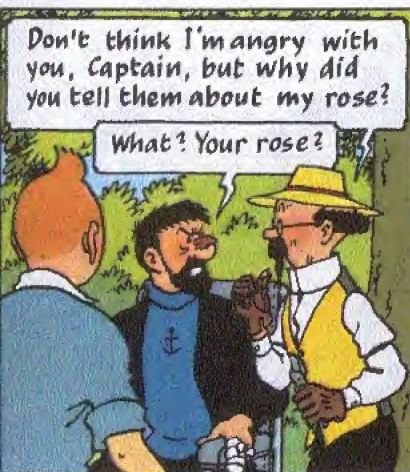


I am so grateful, my young friend.
It's not that this necklace is particular-
ly valuable: it's only fashion jewel-
lery. But it's from Tristan Bior. And
say what you like, Bior is still
Bior!

Er...
obviously!

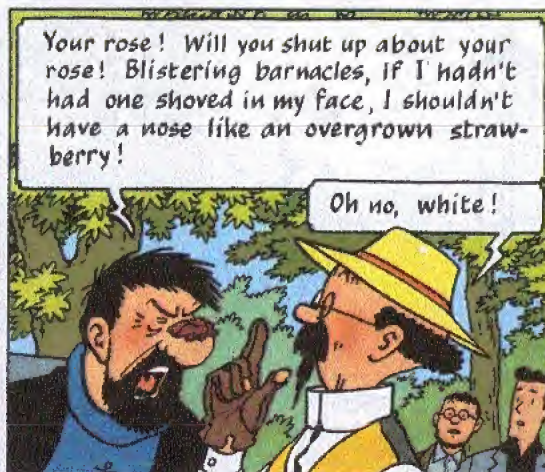


Now let's see about
the Captain's
nose.



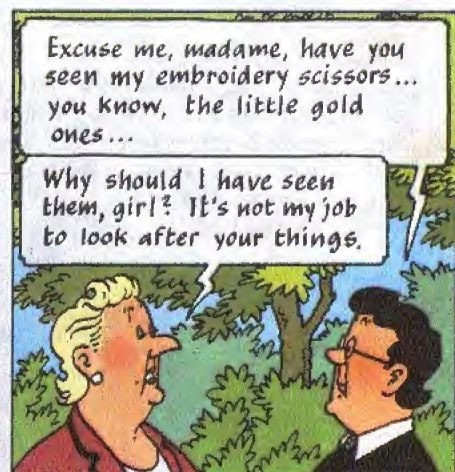
Don't think I'm angry with
you, Captain, but why did
you tell them about my rose?

What? Your rose?



Your rose! Will you shut up about your
rose! Blistering barnacles, if I hadn't
had one shoved in my face, I shouldn't
have a nose like an overgrown straw-
berry!

Oh no, white!



Excuse me, madame, have you
seen my embroidery scissors...
you know, the little gold
ones...

Why should I have seen
them, girl? It's not my job
to look after your things.



I didn't say that, madame
... It's strange, I had them
earlier, when you called me
the first time; when I re-
turned to my seat I couldn't
find them.



Well, have a good look, my
child... No one's going to steal
a pair of scissors, are they?

No, madame.



Meanwhile...

Little scissors made of gold... Aren't
they pretty, Uncle Mike?

Very nice!

Three days later...



Hello, is that Mr. Bolt? ... Oh, I'm speaking to Mrs. Bolt...



Yes... oh, the gentleman from the Hall... Er... no, he's been gone since first thing this morning... Oh? He promised to come to you?... I'm afraid I don't know... I'll tell him, sir... Yes, without fail, sir...



Thundering typhoons! If he doesn't come tomorrow I'll get someone else...



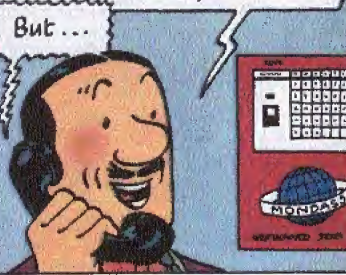
Hello, is that you, old shipmate?... This is Jolyon... Congratulations! ... You old humbug, you certainly had your old pal fooled!



Had you fooled? Me?... I don't understand... What do you mean?



Ha! ha! ha! Still keeping your trap shut, eh? ... That's O.K. by me! ... Keep your hair on. I just wanted to be first to congratulate you.



And don't let your Castafiore do anything about that insurance: I've got to go off on the road for a while, but I haven't forgotten it... I'll be back one of these days... Well, so long, old horse. And once again: all the best!

CLICK

I...



Congratulations? What's that gas-bag on about now?



Oh well, forget it. I'll have a quiet pipe, and read the papers.



DONG

Now what is it?

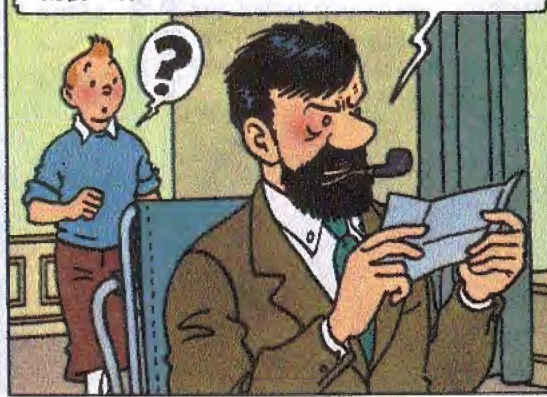


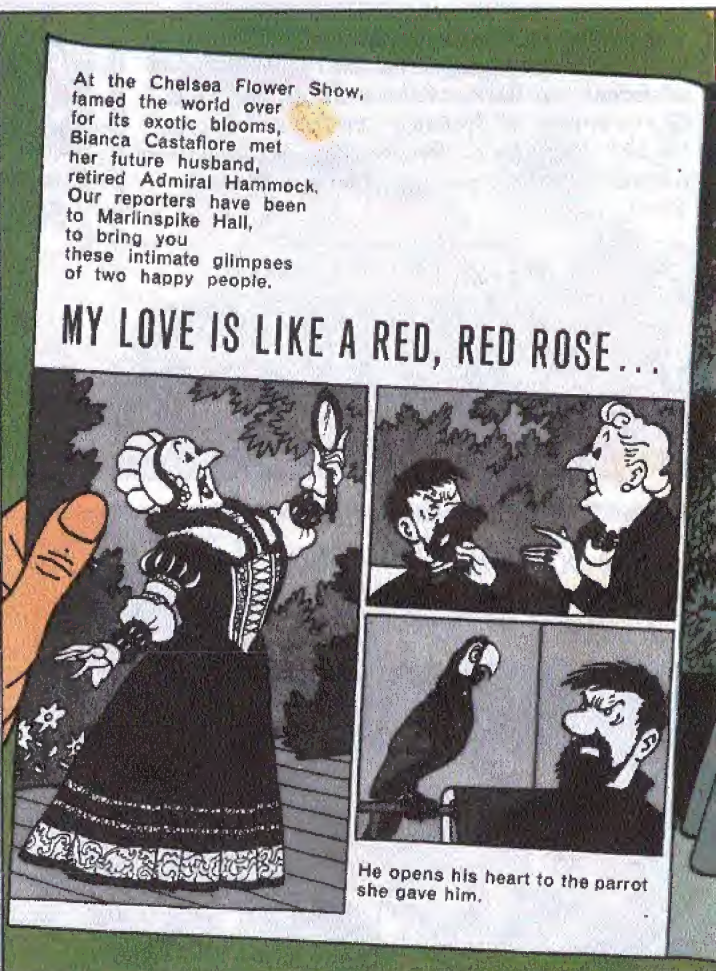
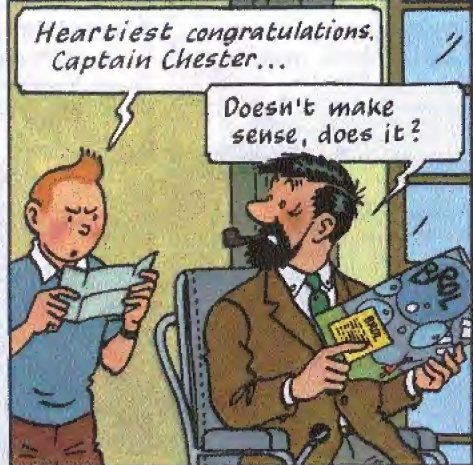
A telegram for you, sir.

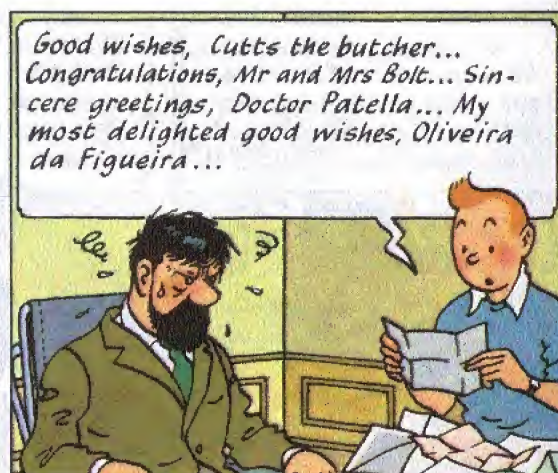
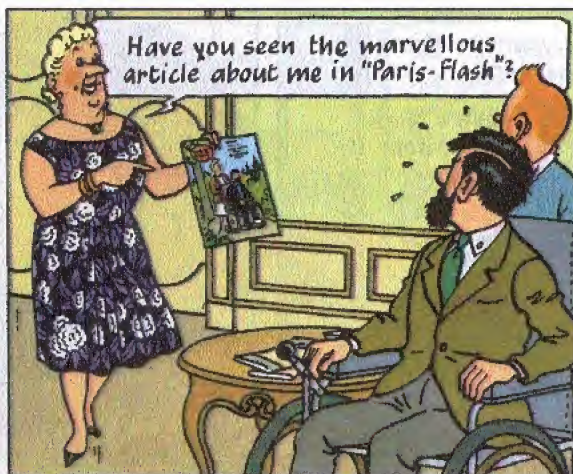
A telegram?

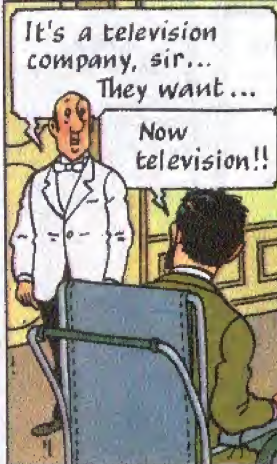


Billions of blistering barnacles! What does this mean?



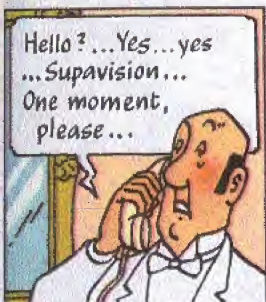






It's a television company, sir... They want ...

Now television!!



Hello?... Yes... yes... Supervision... One moment, please...



Oh no! Leave me alone! I refuse to behave like a performing seal in front of a camera!

But sir ...



There's no but about it... I've had enough of reporters!... Tell them I'm out!



But sir, it's Signora Castafiore they wish to speak to.

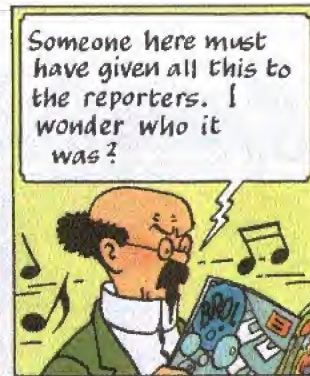
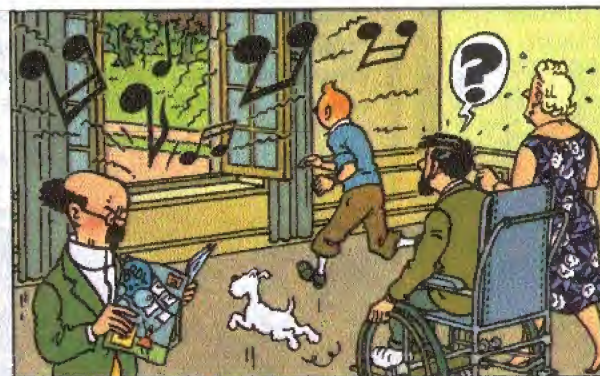
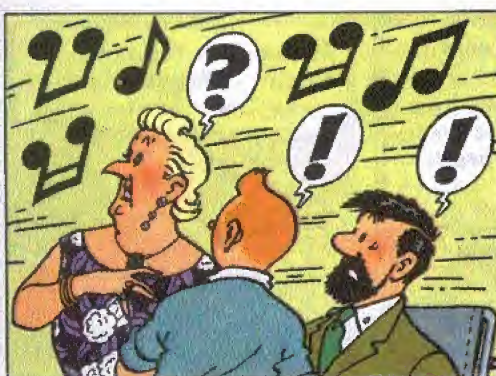
To me? But my good man, why didn't you say so before?



Hello-o-o!... Yes, I can hear you!... Supervision?... Yes... I'd adore to... When?... Tomorrow... Lovely... yes... I shall look forward to seeing you!



What a bore they are!... But what can one do?... They'll be here tomorrow afternoon.



Someone here must have given all this to the reporters. I wonder who it was?



Oh, what a charming idea! An aubade!



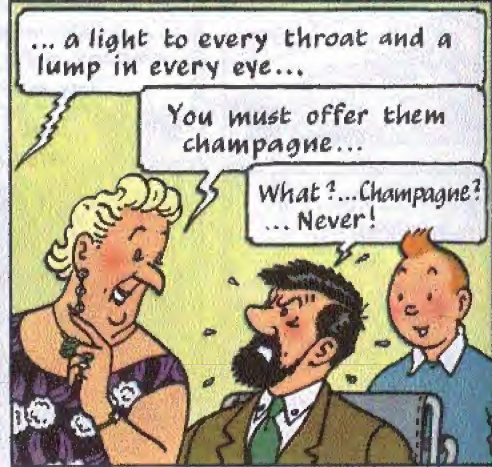
Your ladyship, Captain sir...

Ssh!

But...



On behalf of the Marlinspike Prize Band Supporters' Club I have the honour to present to you with due deference the respectful congratulations of all our members on this felicitous event, which has brought ...



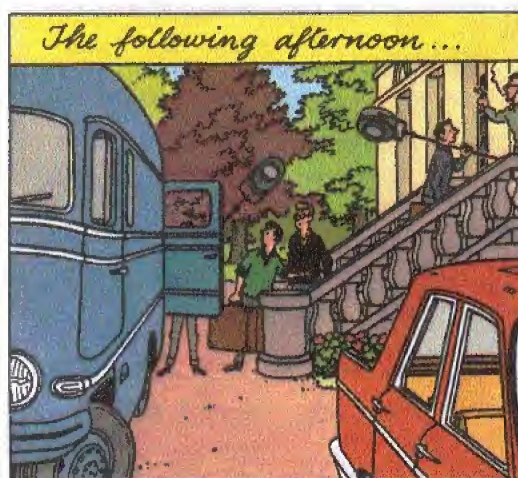
... a light to every throat and a lump in every eye...

You must offer them champagne...

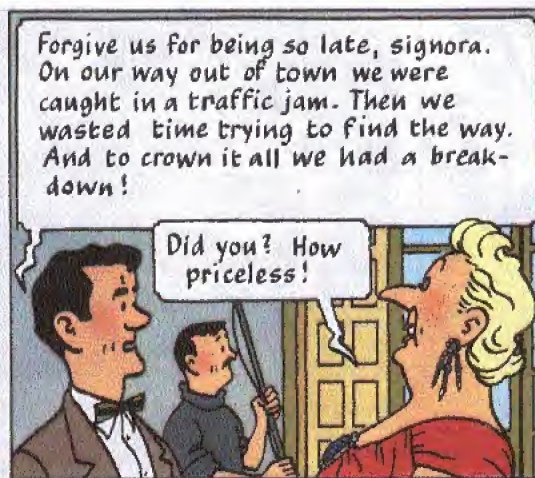
What?...Champagne?... Never!



Several glasses later...



The following afternoon...

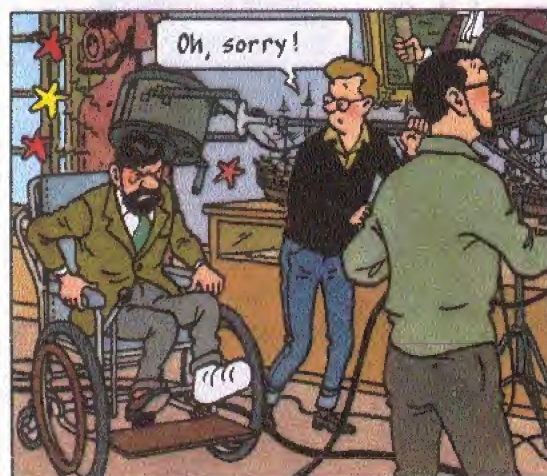


Forgive us for being so late, signora. On our way out of town we were caught in a traffic jam. Then we wasted time trying to find the way. And to crown it all we had a breakdown!

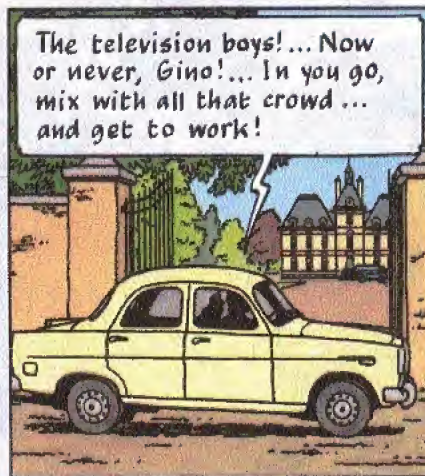
Did you? How priceless!



Thundering typhoons! This is a full-scale invasion!



Oh, sorry!

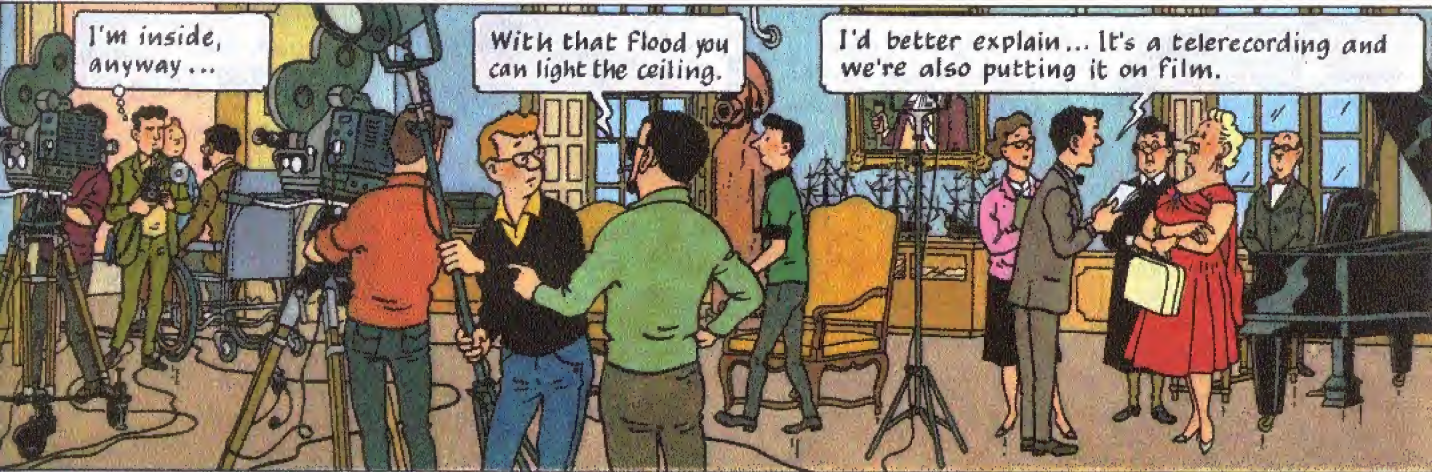


The television boys!... Now or never, Gino!... In you go, mix with all that crowd... and get to work!



I'll wait in the car just down the road... O.K.?

O.K. I'll take my gear and chance it ...



I'm inside, anyway...

With that flood you can light the ceiling.

I'd better explain... It's a telerecording and we're also putting it on film.



Ah, I see... Perhaps we can talk more easily sitting down.



Right... I shall appear in the first sequence and say a few words of introduction. Then I put the first question, and the cameras focus on you. From then on I shall only be heard 'off'.

Ah!



At the end of that sequence I shall ask if you'll be kind enough to sing... something specially for the viewers.

Naturally, with pleasure.



Thank you. For the second sequence, you cross slowly to the piano, where your accompanist will be waiting, and you sing... What will you sing, signora?

I...er...well... what about the Jewel Song from "Faust", for instance?



Excellent... Afterwards, I close the interview with a few words of thanks.

Just so!



We're ready, Andy... what about you?

All O.K. I'd just like to do a voice test, and we're all set.



Take up the mike, Jim. It's in the picture...

Don't mind me, lady. This is only a light meter.



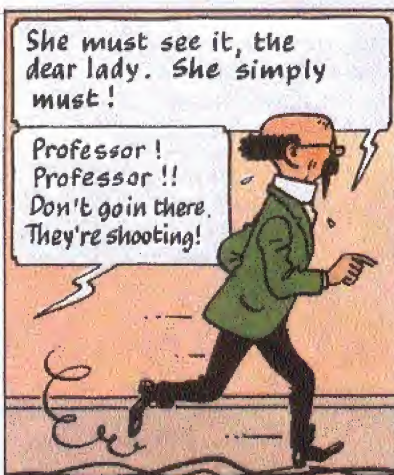
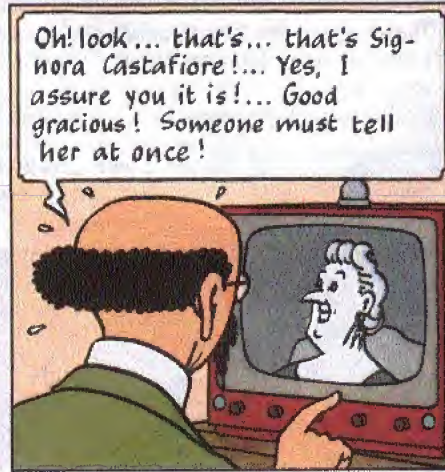
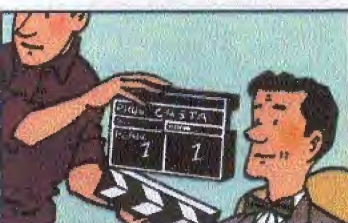
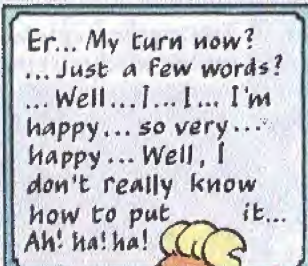
Good... How's that for balance? ... Silence! ... Sound on!

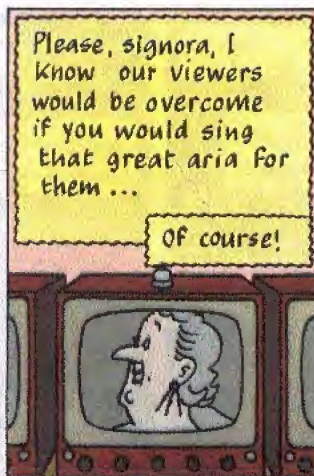
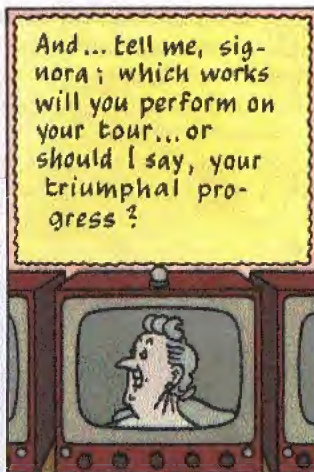
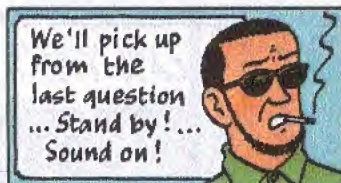
Vision on!

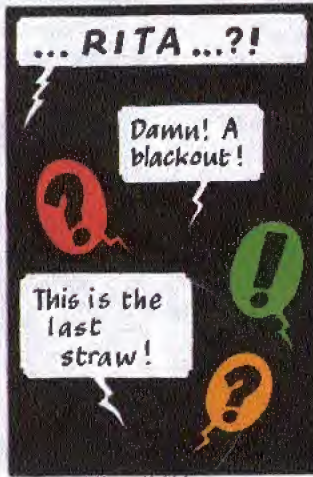
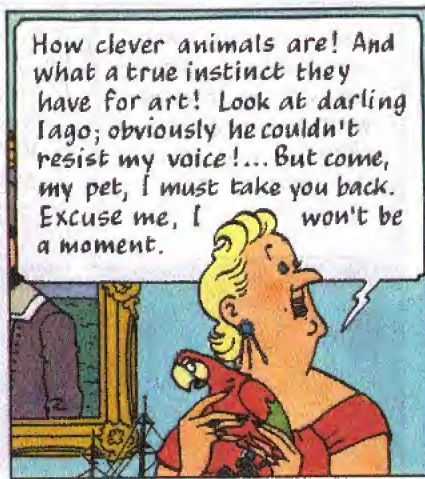
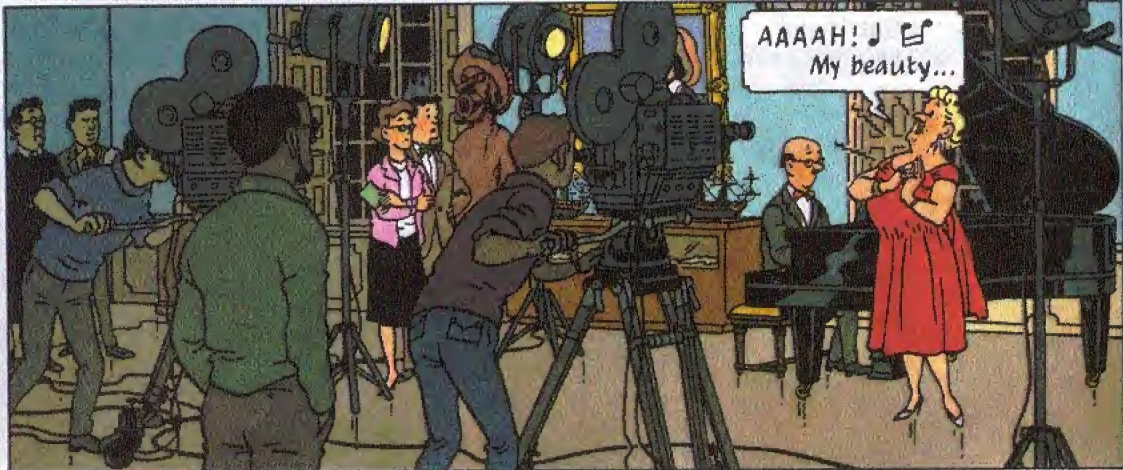


Good evening, viewers. Tonight is rather a special occasion. We are visiting the eminent singer, Bianca Castafiore... All right like that?

So far everything's going like clockwork!







IRMAA - AA!
MY JEWELS!
Upstairs! Run!

Yes, madame!

Here, Snowy, stay
close to me, other-
wise you'll get
trodden on.

WOOAH!



MERCY!
MY JEWELS!

What's the idea, run-
ning around in the
dark?... Where are
you off to?

Plok Plok Plok Plok

SLAM

That's the front
door!... Come
on, Snowy!
Let's see!

WOOAH!

Down the drive!... Some-
one running away!... Great
snakes, it's the photographer!



Too late to catch him
now!



WOOAH!
WOOAH!

AAAH!

AAAH!

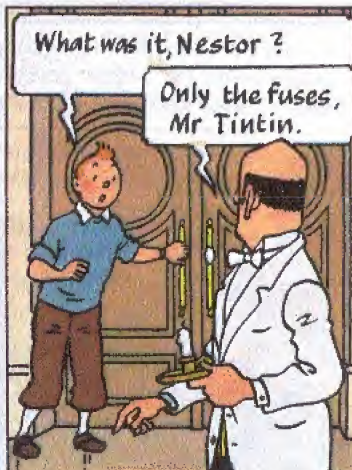
Ah, there are
the lights.



AAAH!

What was it, Nestor?

Only the fuses,
Mr Tintin.



Meanwhile...

This'll please
the boss!



Oh, madame! Madame!



THUMP

That cursed
step again!



Your je... je... je... jewels ...

Well,
Irrmaaa?



Your je...mdame, your
jew-jew... your jewels!

In heaven's name,
speak, girl!



Gone, madame!... All gone!...
BOO-HOO-OO!

MORTE!!

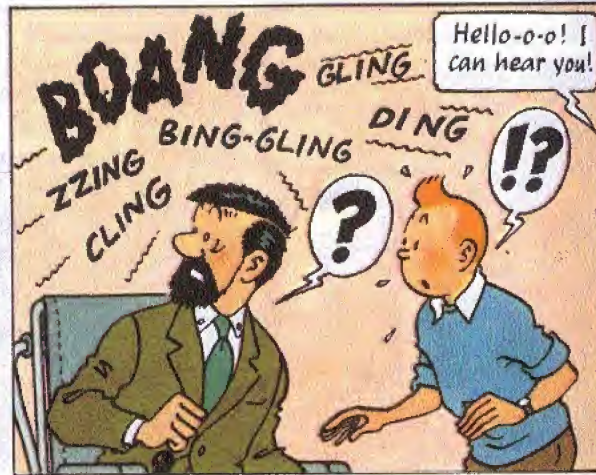
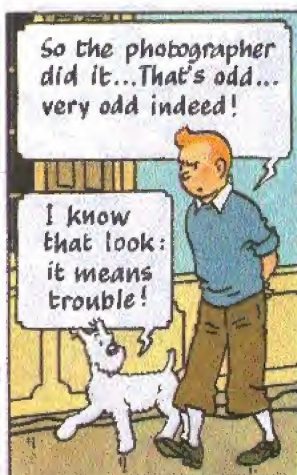
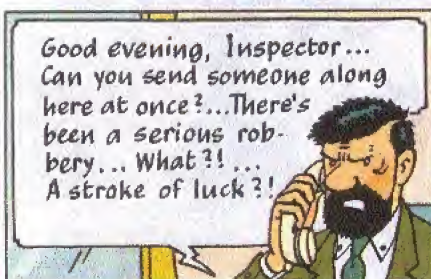
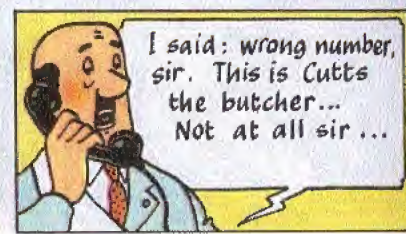
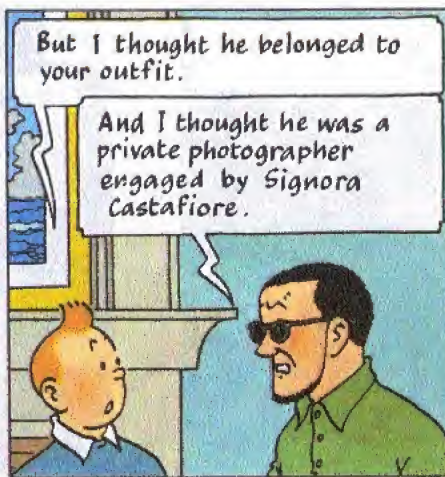
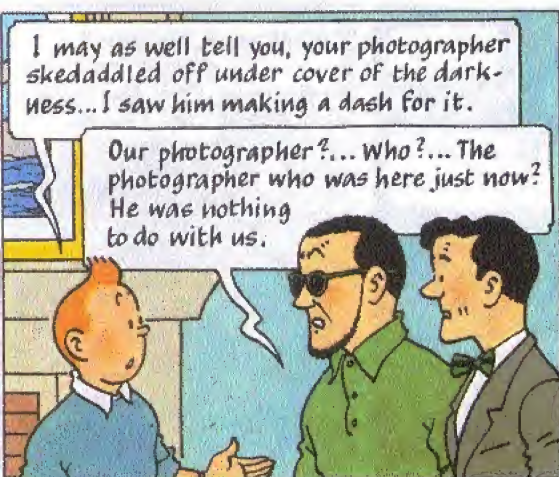
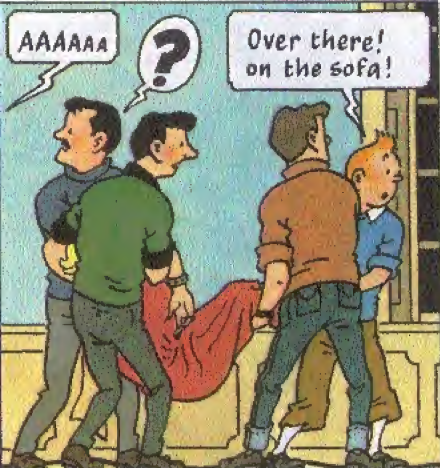


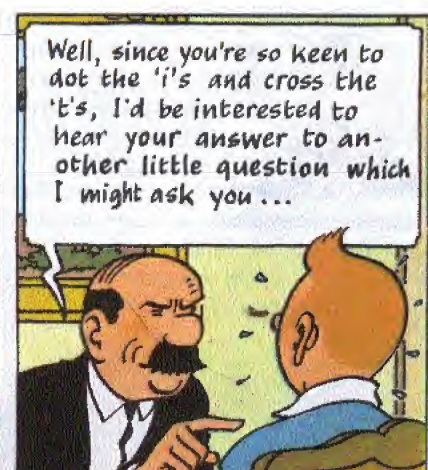
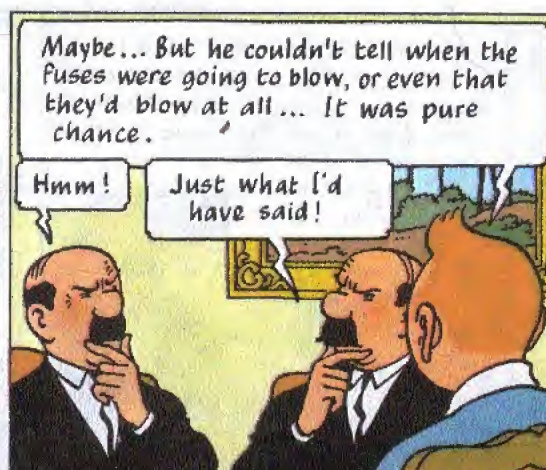
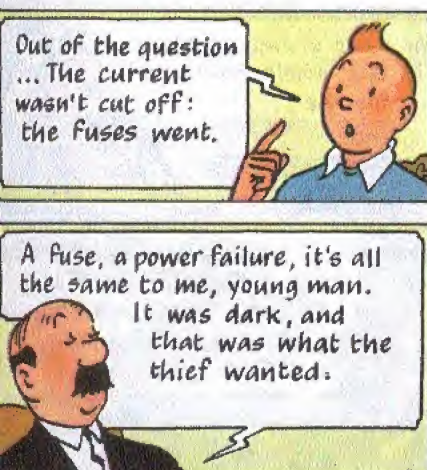
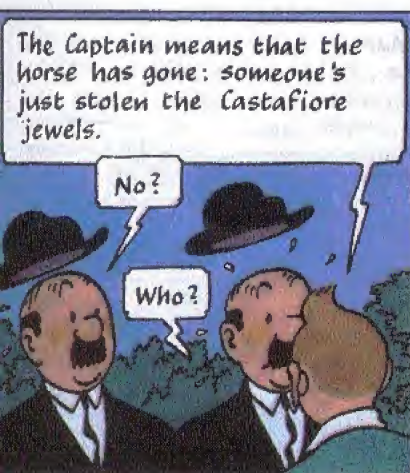
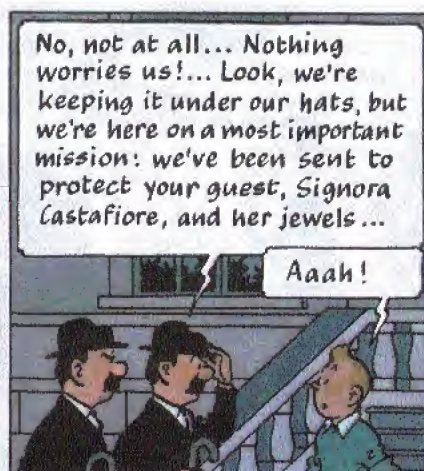
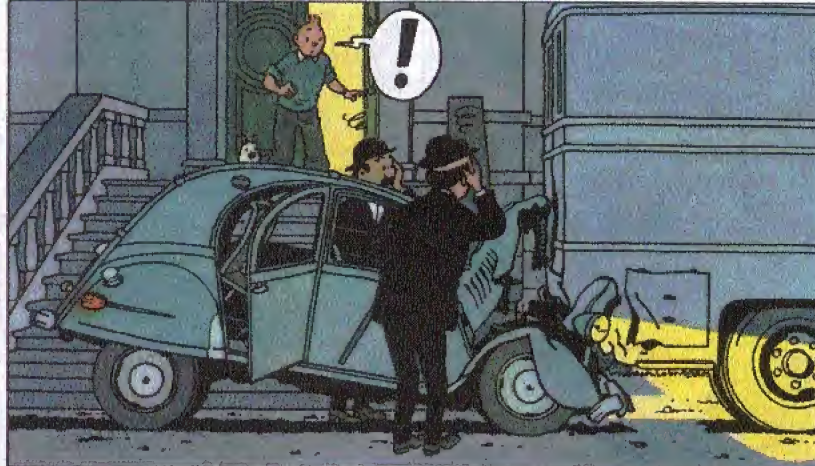
AAAAAA

AAAAAA

Quick!
Quick!







You say the fuses blew... All right... But did you discover that for yourself? ...

It was Nestor who told me, when he came up from the cellar.

Nestor? ... The butler? ... Aha!

Aha!

Nestor, who once worked for those crooks the Bird brothers ... A good testimonial!

You know perfectly well, when those gangsters were tried the evidence proved that Nestor knew nothing of their activities. Anyway...

Anyway, blistering barnacles, Nestor is absolutely honest, and I forbid you to suspect him!

We shall see, we shall see! ... Meanwhile, we'll proceed with the routine questioning.

Very well. Follow me.

Look out, there are cables all over the place.

Yes...

We know!

Thompson and Thomson, certified detectives.

No one is to leave!

And here's Signora Castafiore. I see she's come round.

Ah, Signora Nightingale, the Milanese Castafiore...

Signora!

Charmed!

Madam, we are here to set light to... er, to throw light on the circumstances surrounding your terrible loss...

To be precise ... er ...

Go on, gentlemen.

Just to clear up one point, madam: where were the jewels usually hocked ... I mean locked?

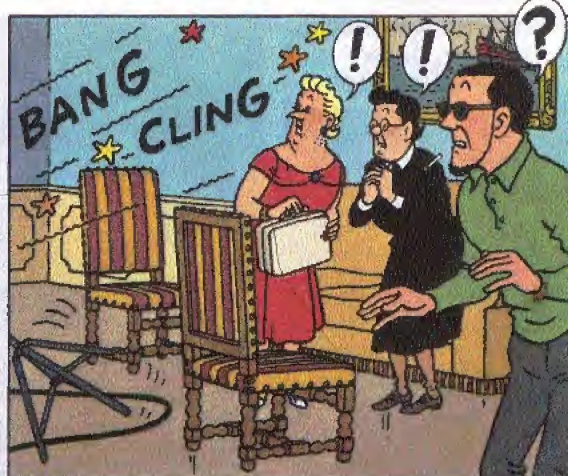
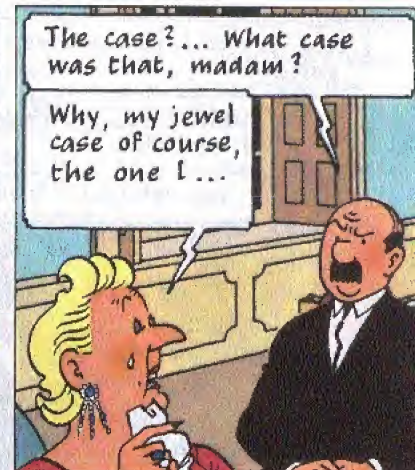
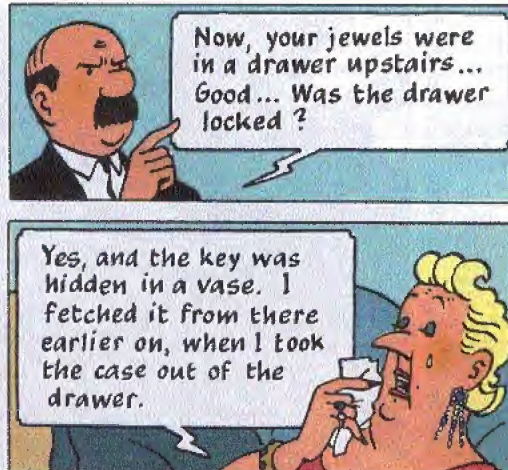
In a drawer in my room, upstairs... Oh my jewels! ... My beautiful jewels! ...

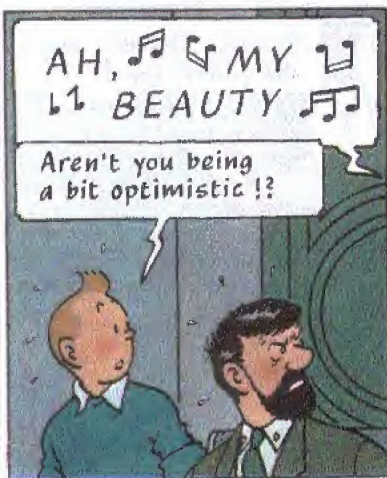
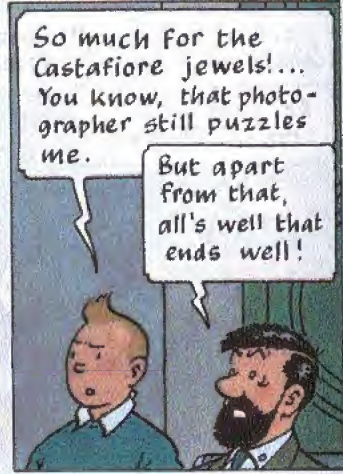
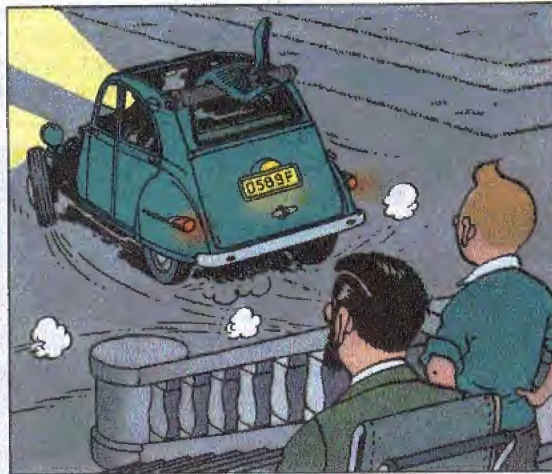
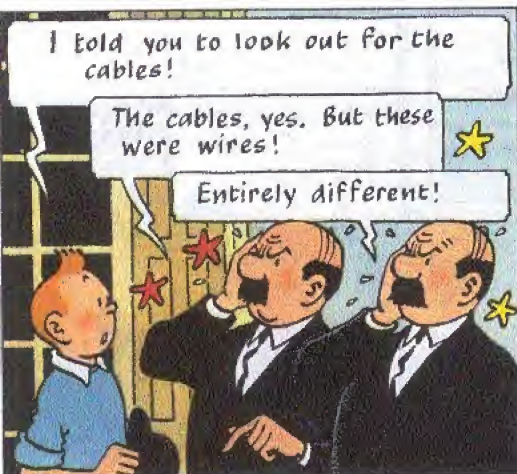
Dead or alive, we shall find them, madam. Leave no stone unturned, that is our policy... Which reminds me: I presume your jewels are fully insured?

Alas, no, gentlemen...

Mr. Swag promised to fix the whole thing up for me ...

Swag? Fix it up? ... Fix what? ... Madam, is this some sort of conspiracy? ...





TU-WOOO

An owl!... Heavens, how it made me jump!

Come on, Snowy. Home!

Three days later...

Yes... yes, I know... I mean... Yes, it was a wedding... er... my step-sister's cousin... Yes... Look sir... I'll be with you tomorrow morning... Yes, yes, definitely... Yes, yes, I promise, sir... Yes, sir... Good-bye, sir.

If you don't come tomorrow, my Fine Friend, I'll... blistering barnacles, I don't know what I'll do... but I won't stand for it!



No! I won't stand for it! I tell you: I won't stand for it!

I'll take them to court!... I'll have them locked up!... To make fun of a poor, weak woman!

Mind the step!

I know!... Look at that!... It's shameful!... It's a disgrace!... It's monstrous!... But they won't get away with it, I can tell you!... Look at it!



But what's the matter?... It's not at all bad, that photograph...

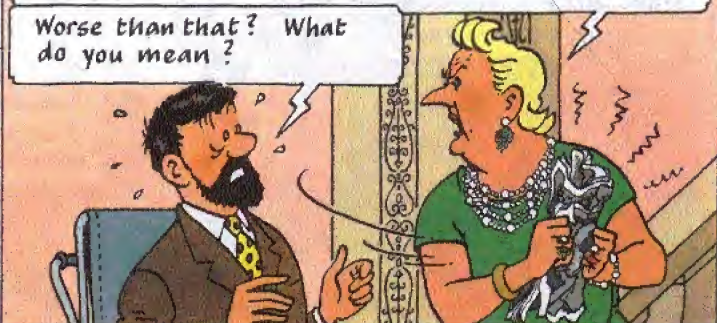
Not bad!... Not bad!... Is that all you can say? It's horrible, I tell you!

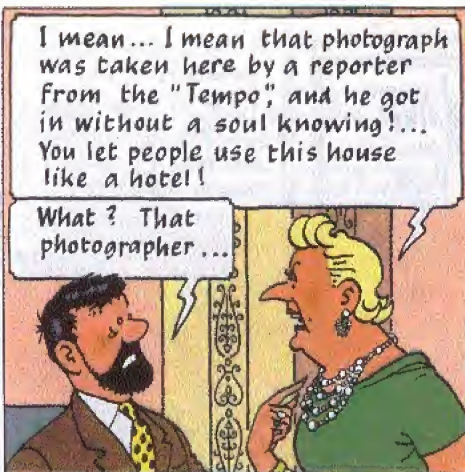
Horrible? I wouldn't say so... In fact, I'd say it was a very good likeness.



That's right!... Defend the cads!... the boors!... the bumpkins!... Mannerless yokels!... This is the limit!... And it's not just a question of the likeness!... It's far worse than that!

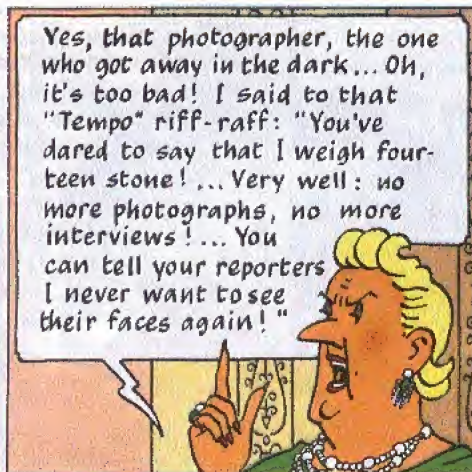
Worse than that? What do you mean?



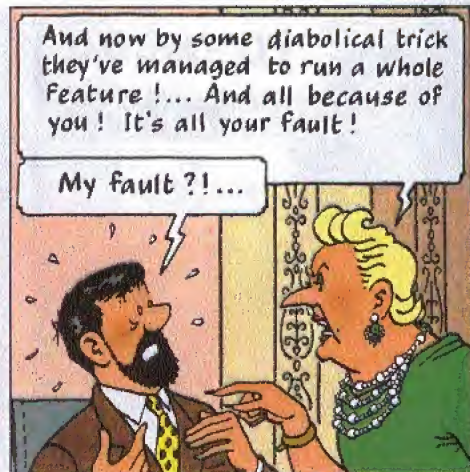


I mean... I mean that photograph was taken here by a reporter from the "Tempo", and he got in without a soul knowing!... You let people use this house like a hotel!

What? That photographer...

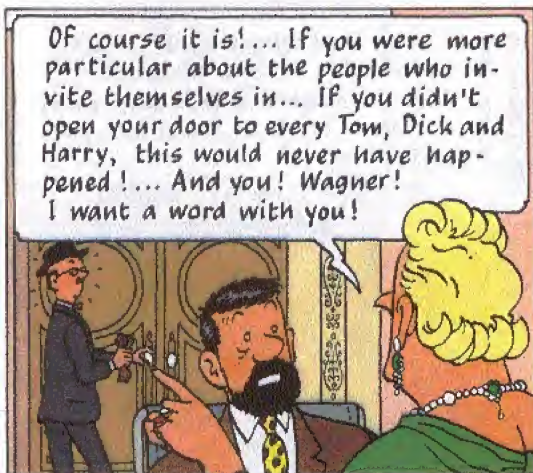


Yes, that photographer, the one who got away in the dark... Oh, it's too bad! I said to that "Tempo" riff-raff: "You've dared to say that I weigh fourteen stone!... Very well: no more photographs, no more interviews!... You can tell your reporters I never want to see their faces again!"

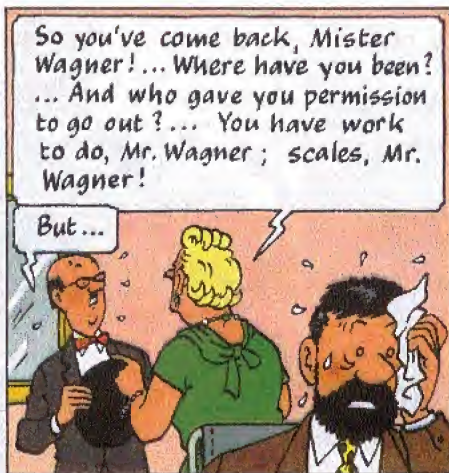


And now by some diabolical trick they've managed to run a whole Feature!... And all because of you! It's all your fault!

My fault?!...



Of course it is!... If you were more particular about the people who invite themselves in... If you didn't open your door to every Tom, Dick and Harry, this would never have happened!... And you! Wagner! I want a word with you!



So you've come back, Mister Wagner!... Where have you been? ... And who gave you permission to go out?... You have work to do, Mr. Wagner; scales, Mr. Wagner!

But...



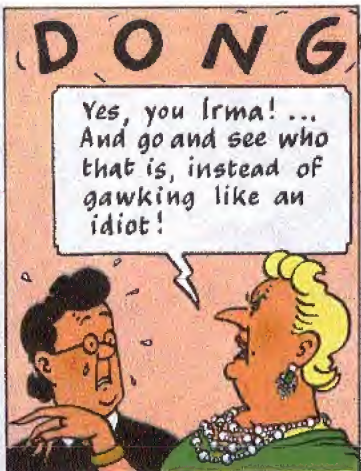
Silence!... Your playing is careless, Mr. Wagner!... Two wrong notes yesterday!... In future I want to hear you practising all day long. Is that clear?

Yes, signora...
No, signora...
Yes, signora.



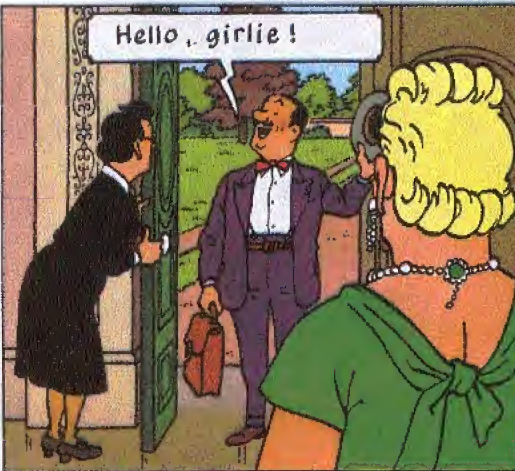
And you, Irma!... Have you found your little gold scissors yet?... Obviously not!... What's got into you, girl?

Me, madame?

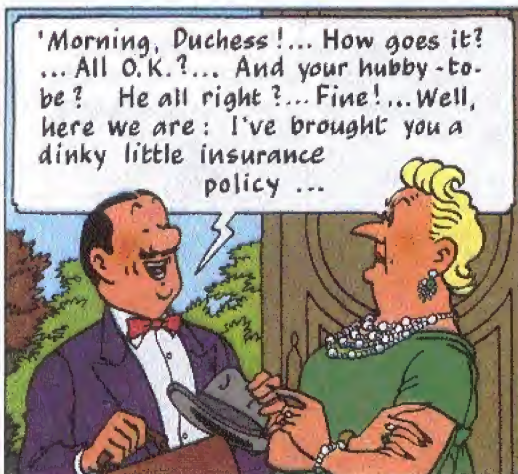


D O N G

Yes, you Irma!... And go and see who that is, instead of gawking like an idiot!



Hello, girlie!



'Morning, Duchess!... How goes it? ... All O.K.?... And your hubby-to-be? He all right?... Fine!... Well, here we are: I've brought you a dinky little insurance policy ...



I'm so sorry, Mr. Sag!... You're too late!... The early bird catches the worm, Mr. Sag!

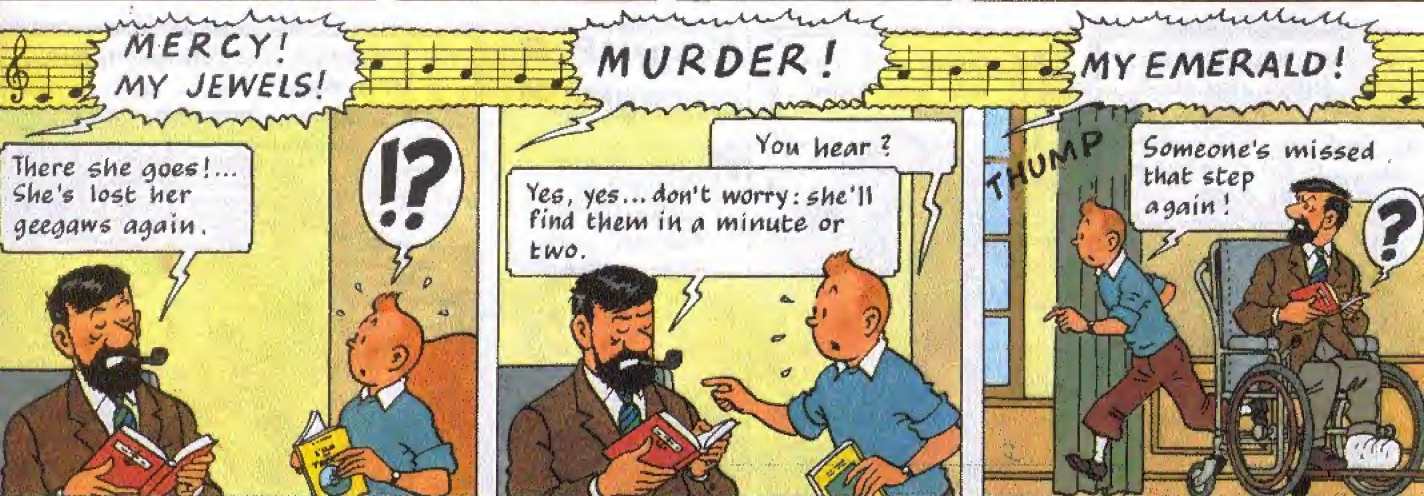
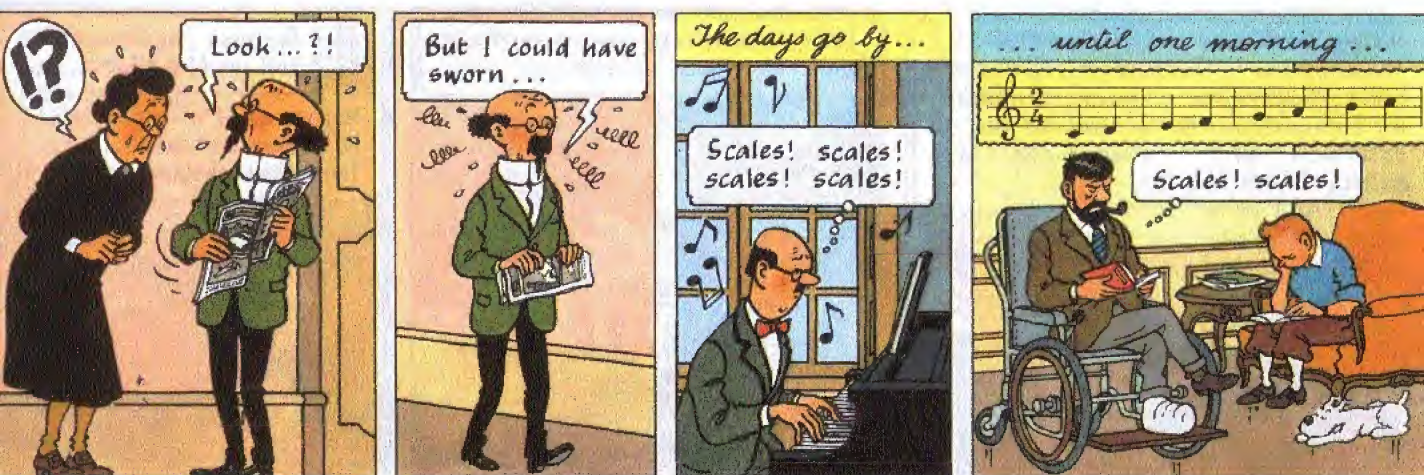
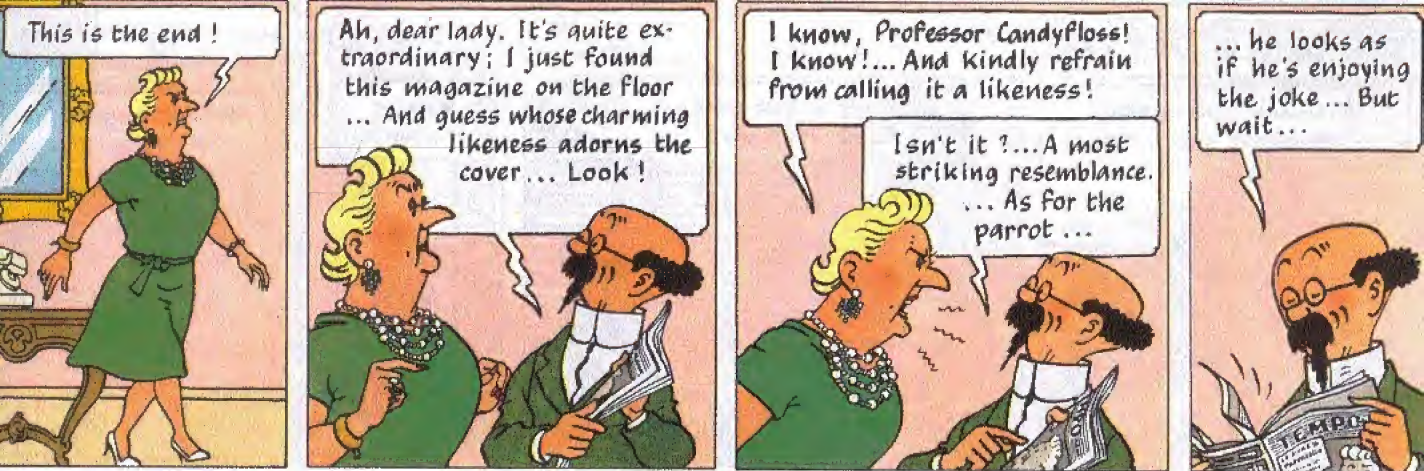
Come offit! You're joking!

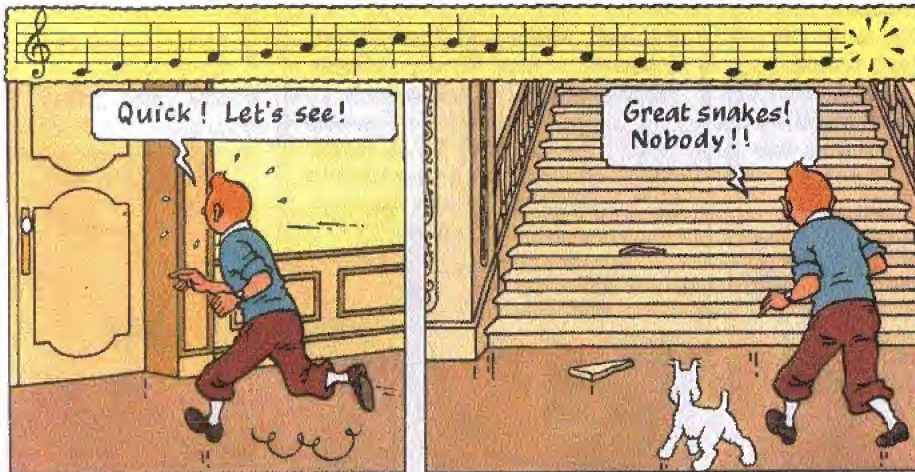
Don't try to argue, Mr. Sag... I shall take care of my own jewels, Mr. Sag! ... Good morning, Mr. Sag.



SLAM

?





Quick! Let's see!

Great snakes!
Nobody!!



What's
happening?

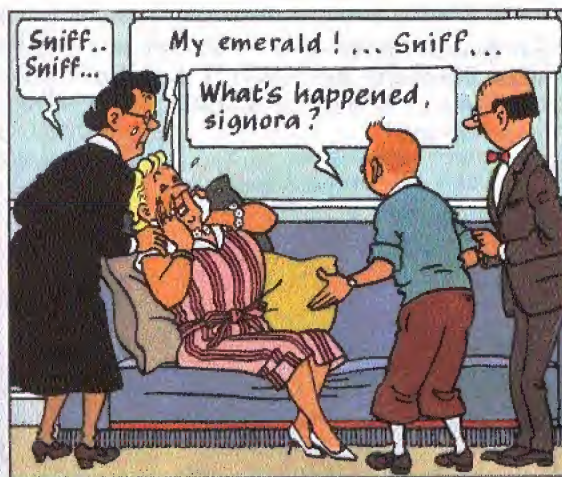
Help! Help!

Ah! Mr. Wagner...
I don't know...



I heard Signora Castafiore
cry out... Then I heard
someone fall on the
staircase.

Me too, I thought
I heard some-
thing... But as I
was practising...



Sniff...
Sniff...

My emerald! ... Sniff...

What's happened,
signora?



My emerald... sniff... my em-
erald from the Maharajah of
Gopal... sniff... It's been stolen... Sniff.

Think back carefully, signora
... Perhaps you just mis-
laid it...



No, no... sniff... I put the case, with
the emerald in it, there on my dressing-
table. I opened it... sniff... to admire
my treasure... Then I went to the
bathroom... sniff... where I spent a
quarter of an hour, perhaps...
sniff... And when I came
back in here, the case was
empty... Sniff... Sniff...



Look, there's the case... sniff...
exactly where I put it.



Perhaps the emerald
fell on the floor...

No, no, that's impossible!
It was in the case... and
Irma has already looked...



It's been stolen, I tell
you... Sniff... You must
fetch the police immedi-
ately... Sniff...

I'll ring them
at once.



Burglar or no burg-
lar, who fell down
the stairs?

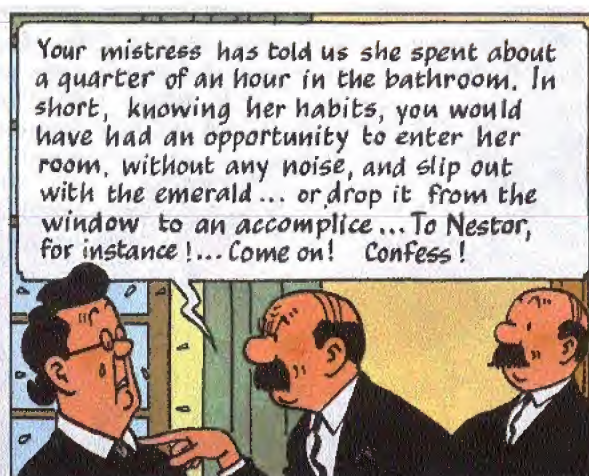
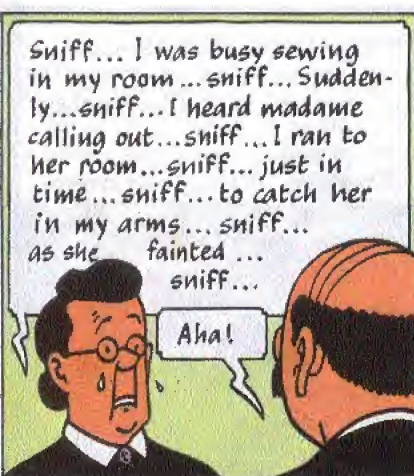
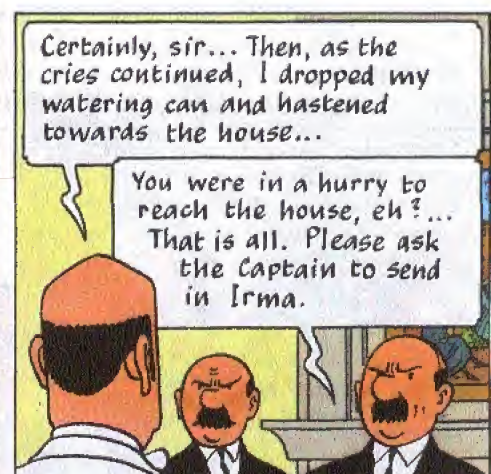
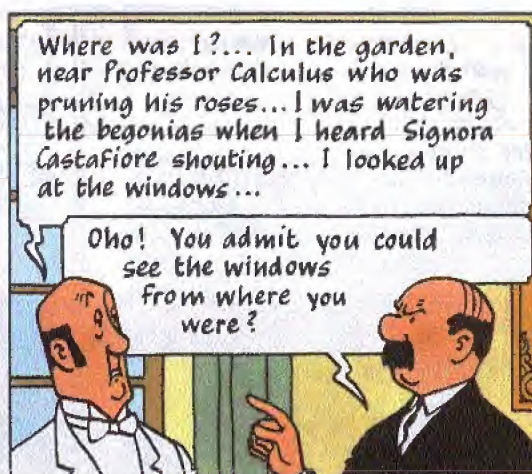
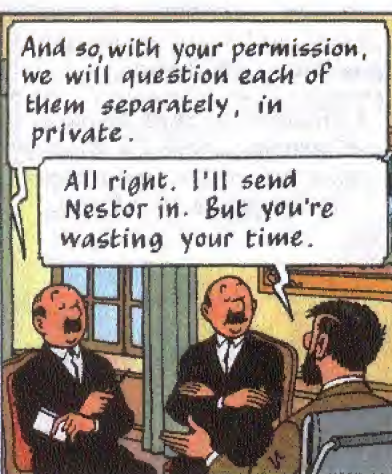
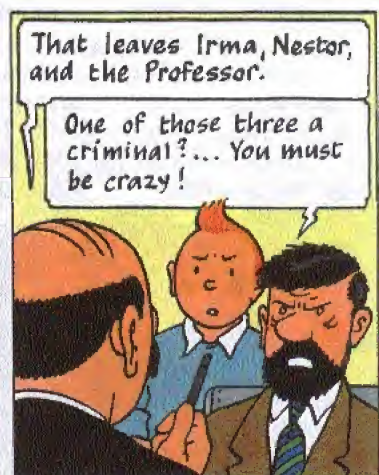
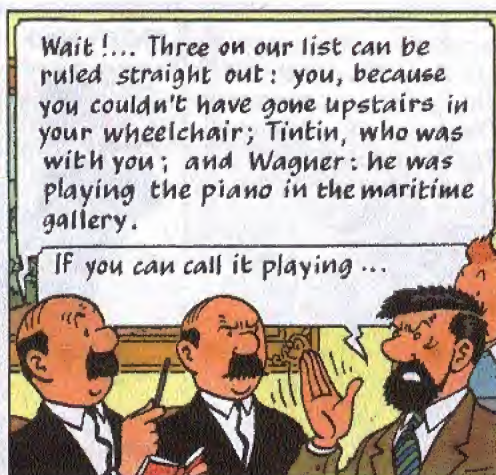
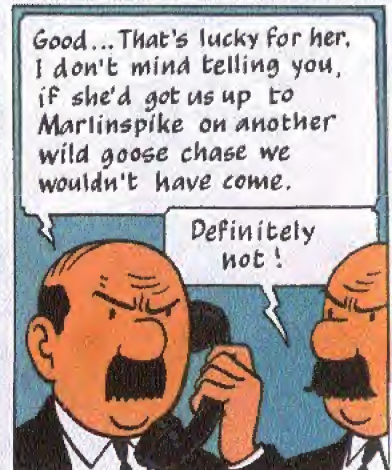


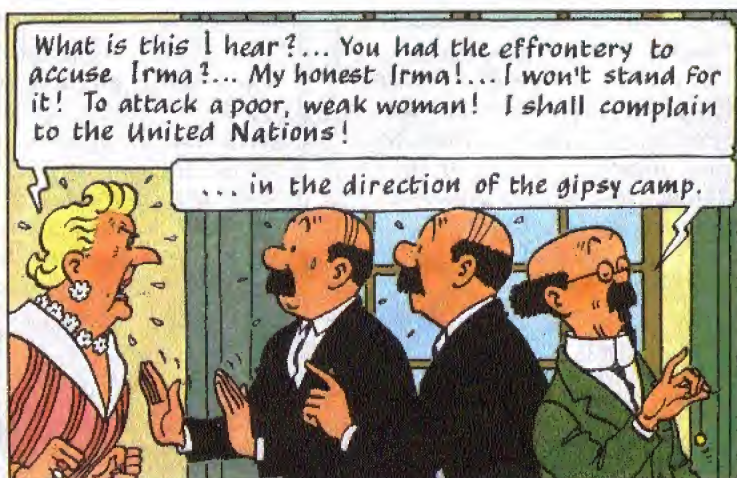
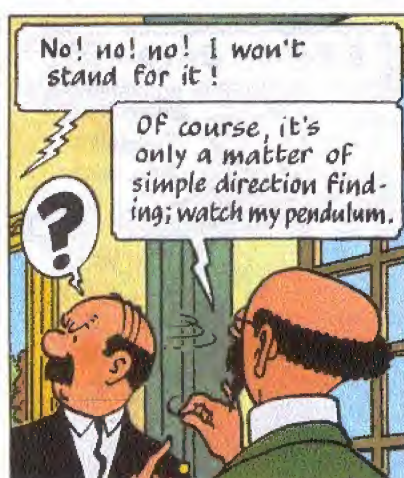
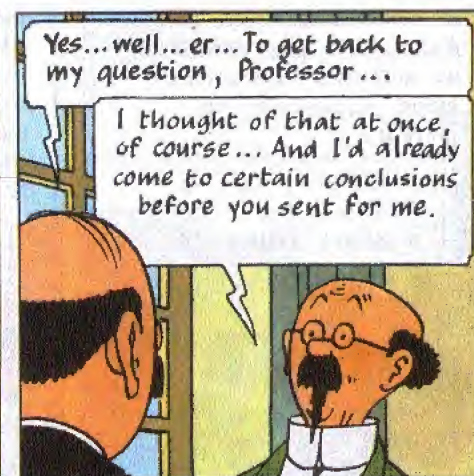
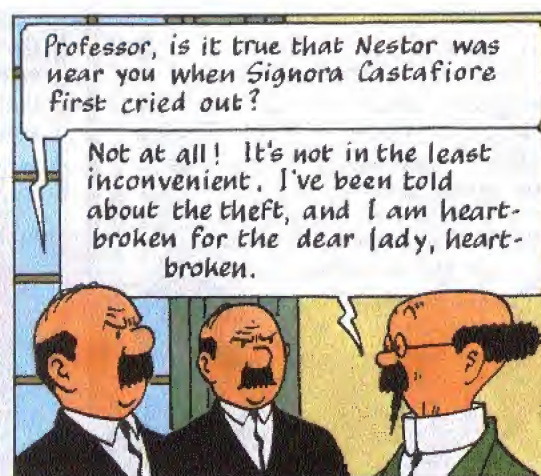
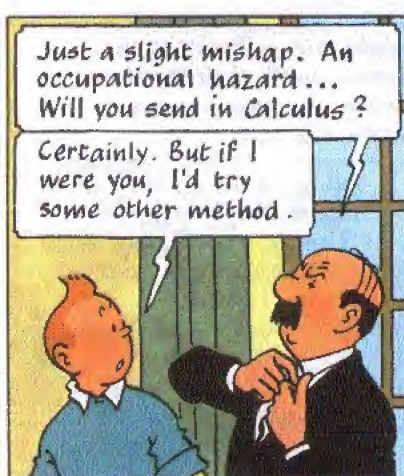
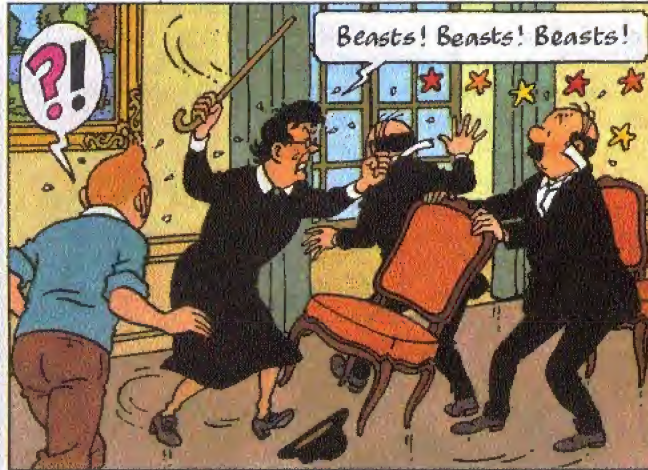
★THUMP★
CRRRUMP★

Blistering
barnacles!
Another one!



You wondered who fell downstairs?
Now you know!





And if Irma gives in her notice, as she may well after such an insult, will you find me a new maid? ... And what about the higher wages the new girl will want: will you pay those? ... I tell you, if you don't apologize to Irma...

... I leave this house immediately. I shall tell the Captain!

You see? It points south-east.

Now... where were we?...

You understand, I'm not accusing anyone. It's simply that my pendulum indicates the direction of their camp.

A camp? What are you talking about?

Excuse me! I must stop you there!... They are real gipsies. I've seen them as clearly as I see you!

I say, your Friend Calculus, is he a bit...er, you know? He keeps on talking about a gipsy encampment.

Yes, that's right. There's a Romany camp quite close.

Is that true?... Why didn't you say so before?... They're the villains, without a shadow of doubt!

But look here, what proof have you?

Proof? We shall find it!... Those sort of people are always thieving! There's no time to be lost: take us to their camp.

All right, I will. But you've no right to suspect them just because they're gipsies.

I'll be surprised if they're still there. Having done the job, they'll have bolted.

I don't think so!

Where's the camp?

OH!

Well?

They... they've gone!... But I saw them only last night...

What did I tell you? They've done a bunk.

They won't have got far.

... calling all patrols... Intercept band of gipsies. Believed to have left Marlinspike within past few hours for unknown destination ...

Two days later...

"Investigation into the theft of the Castafiore emerald continues"... etc. etc... Ah! "The gipsies who were camping near Marlinspike at the time of the robbery have been assisting the police in their inquiries. A headquarters spokesman refused to comment on the affair"... There!



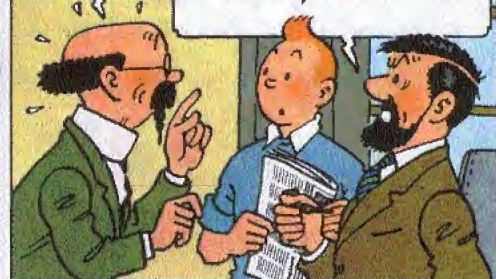
Those poor things... And I'm absolutely certain they are innocent.

Me too. I'd stake my life on it... but...



Tintin! Captain! My dear friends! ... A sensational discovery! ... Sen-sa-tion-al! ... I've just invented a television set!

You old pioneer!



Colour television, of course! The other day, looking at all those sets, I thought to myself: what a pity the pictures are only in black and white!

You know, someone has already...



Not at all, it's just a question of know-how. Now listen carefully... The people you see on the little screen are in black and white, aren't they? But in the studio?... What about that?

The studio?

Er...



I don't need to tell you... In the studio the subjects are all in colour... Well, the purpose of my apparatus is to restore those colours!... How?... How?... Well, roughly speaking, by colour filters inserted between an ordinary television set and a special screen. I call it "Super-Calcolor".

But that's brilliant!

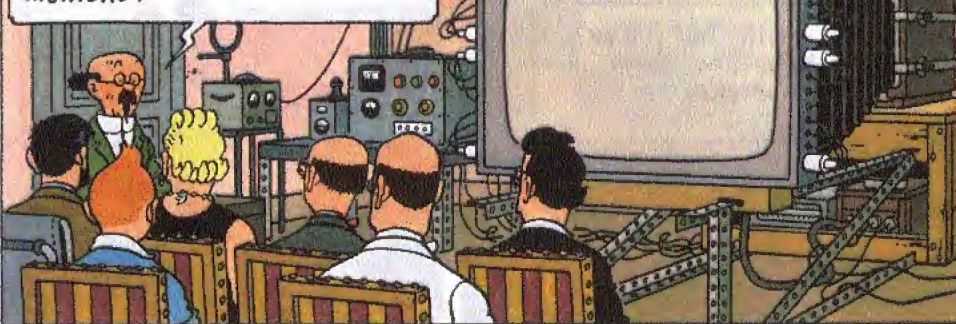


You think so?... In all modesty I must say my own comment would be: brilliant! But you shall judge my invention for yourselves. Tonight they have that famous programme "Scanorama"... Will you join me?

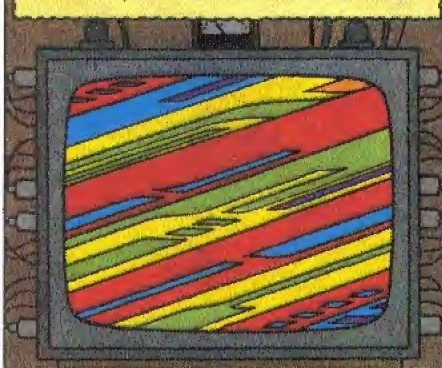


That evening...

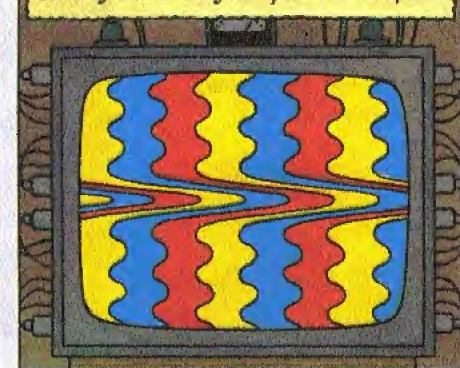
Now my friends, hold your breath! ... This is an historic moment!



Tonight... BING... Scanorama... BONG... your look at life... DONG



...brings the big news of three continents to your fireside. Our roving cameras give you a close-up of...



...the 21st Taschist Party Congress at Szohöd, the secret life of the Abominable Snowman, and the jewel robbery at Marlinspike...

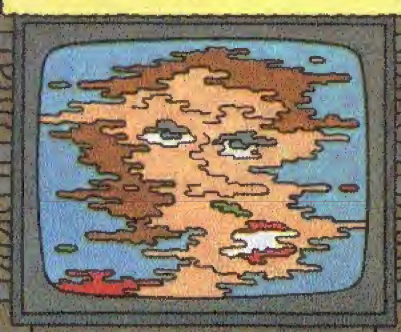
Well, I'll be...

What a coincidence!

How very strange!



At the 21st Taschist Party Congress at Szohöd, Marshal Kürvi-Tasch, in an exceptionally violent speech...



The picture isn't absolutely clear, but I can adjust it...



DIGADOG DAGADIGADUG DOGODOGDOG DAGODAGODAGODUG DIGADIGDUG



All right, eh?

The sound! ...Thundering typhoons, adjust the sound!



Oh dear!... A valve has gone!... It won't take long to replace...

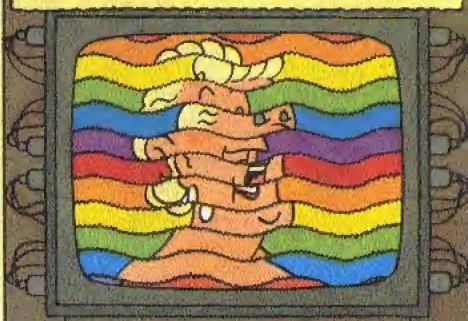


Ten minutes later...

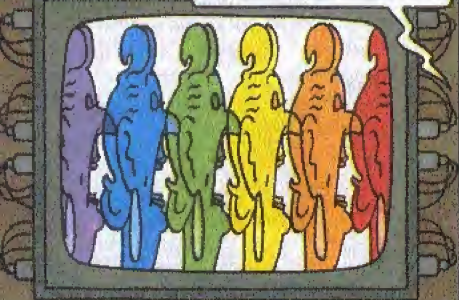
There! That's done it!



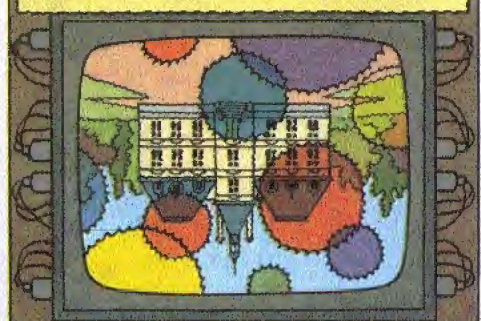
... summary of the facts. As you know, the famous Italian singer Bianca Castafiore is staying in this country...



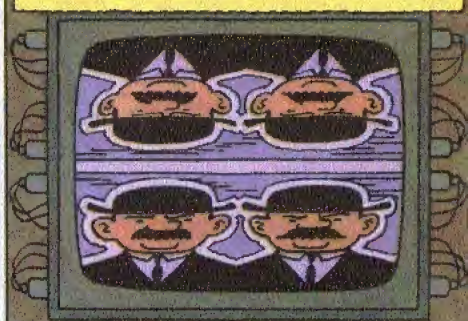
Ah, my beauty past compare Is that me? Oh, how horrible!



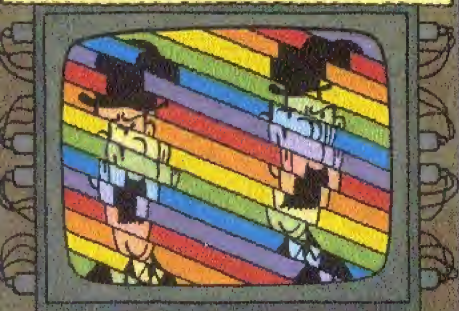
At historic Marlinspike Hall, the prima donna was the victim of a daring robbery. A magnificent emerald vanished... mysteriously!



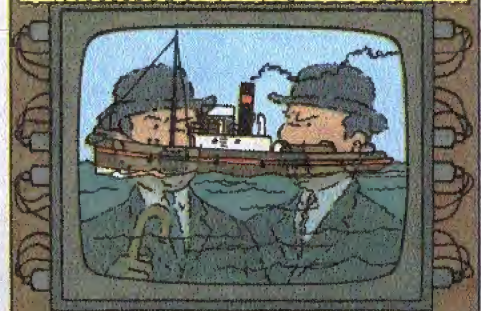
Today a Scanorama reporter went down to Marlinspike and spoke to the officers in charge of the case. Over to Thompson and Thomson...



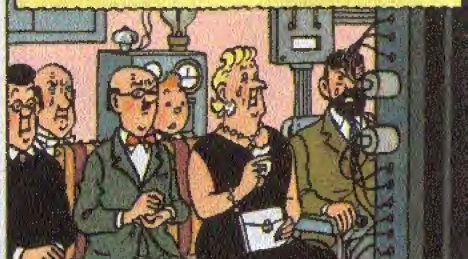
No, our lips are sealed. We can't tell you whom we suspect, but it isn't anyone in the house. Mum's the word, you know.



Yes, dumb's the word, that's our motto. So we're not allowed to tell you about the gipsies, though we suspected them from the start...



Especially after they cleft their lamp...er... left their camp, the morning after the robbery. But we soon ran them to earth, and then when we searched their caravans we made a startling discovery!

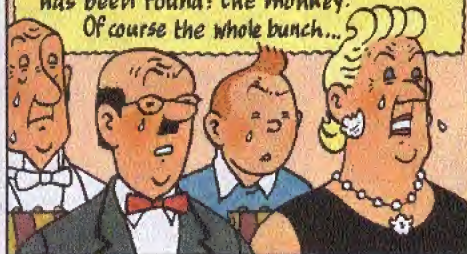


Not only did we discover a pair of scissors belonging to Signora Castafiore's maid, but in one of their caravans...

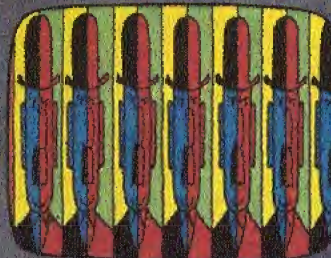


... we found a messed-up Flunkey ...er... a dressed-up monkey. Obviously, the emerald could only have been stolen by a man climbing the wall: in fact, a man of remarkable agility... And that man has been found: the monkey!

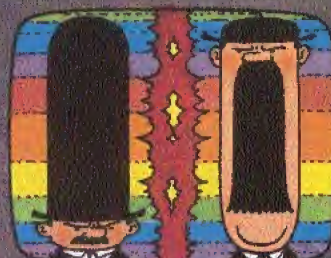
Of course the whole bunch...



... denied it furiously. The scissors had been 'found' by a little girl. As for the monkey, he'd never been out of his cage.



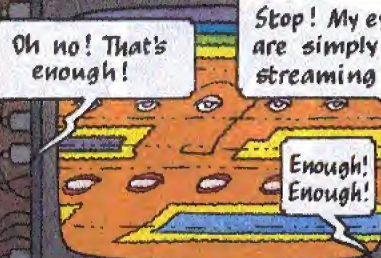
So that's how things stand... but we're keeping it under our hats, of course. All we have to do now is recover the emerald...



And for a couple of master-minds like you, gentlemen, that will be child's play... Thank you for putting us so clearly in the picture.



Now we turn from the excitement and suspense of a police investigation to another burning topic that is hitting today's headlines...



Oh no! That's enough!

Stop! My eyes are simply streaming!

Enough! Enough!

Naturally, it isn't entirely perfect yet, but ...

My eyeballs are doing the shimmy!

I'm seeing six of everything!

Me too!



The next morning...

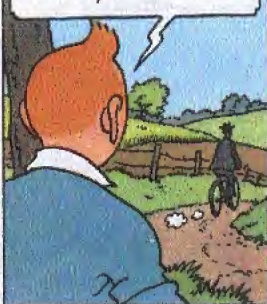
Poor gipsies!... I'm still convinced they're innocent... I've had another look at the wall: even a monkey climbing would have left some trace, but there wasn't a sign. What then?



Hello! There's Mr. Wagner going into the village, on Nestor's old bike.

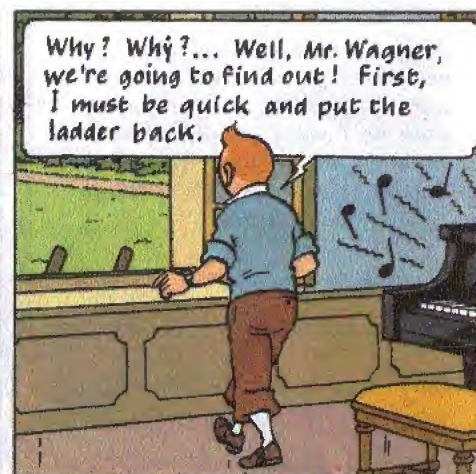
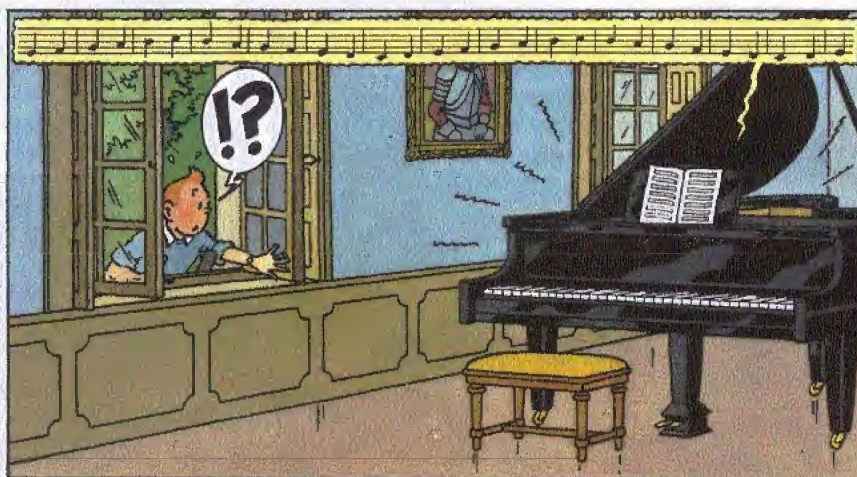
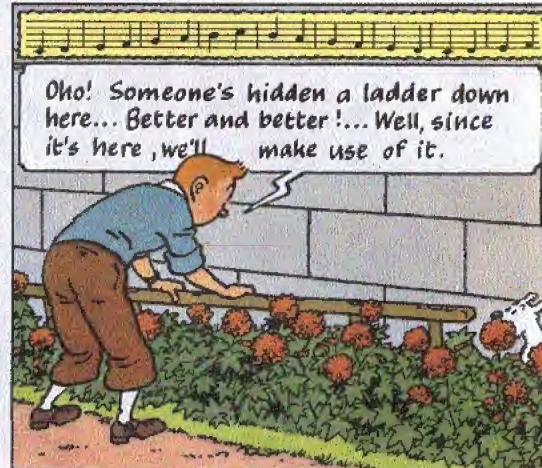


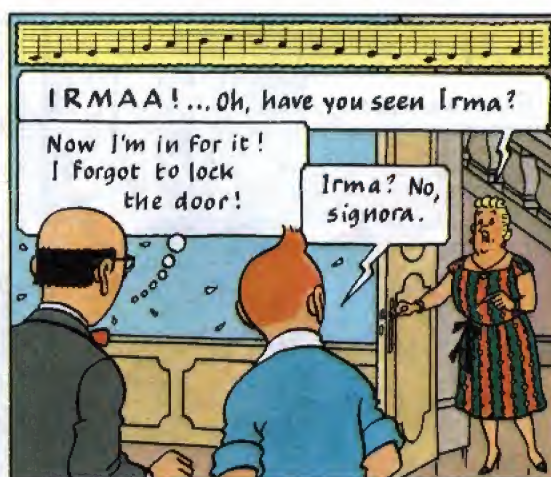
He must have got permission to leave his piano. Now's our chance, Snowy...

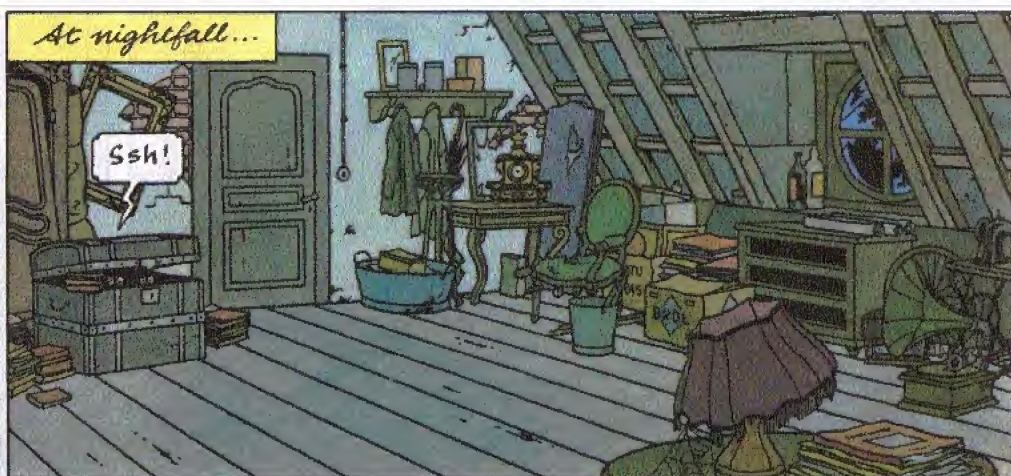
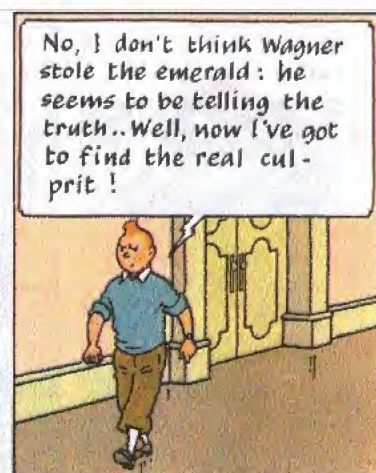
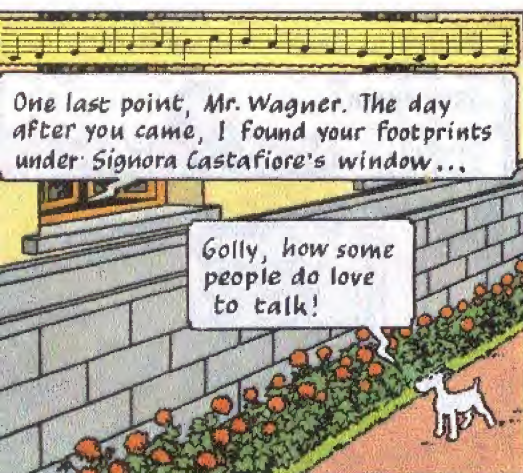
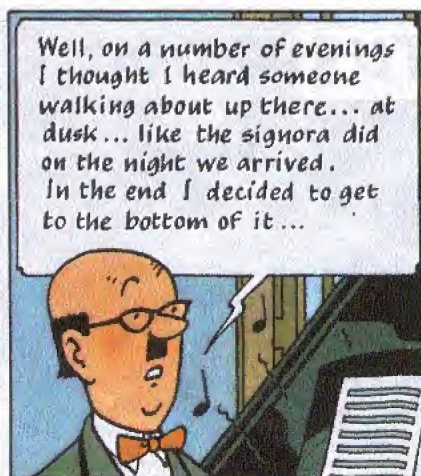
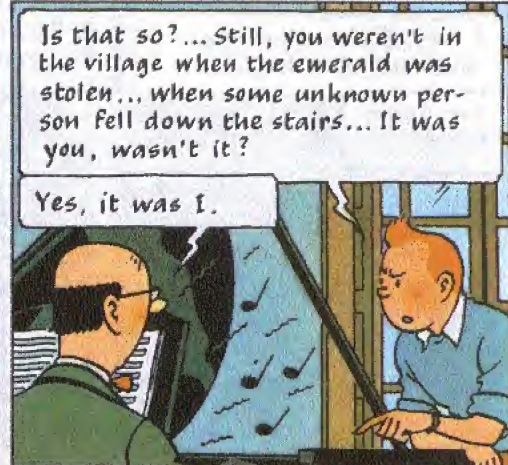


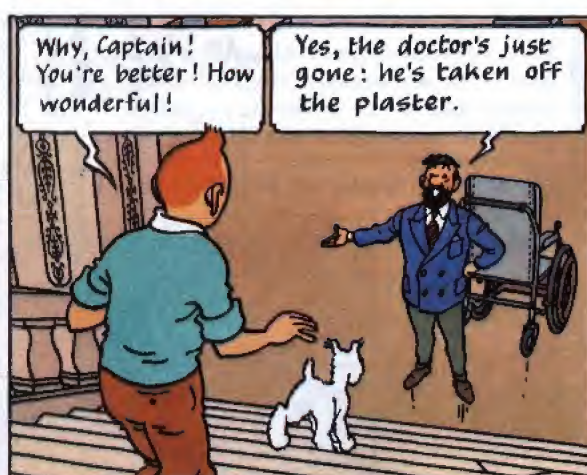
We'll go back indoors... and we'll be spared that piano for a change!

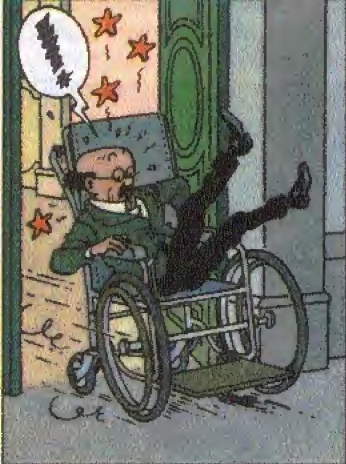












Great snakes!
What's going to
happen?

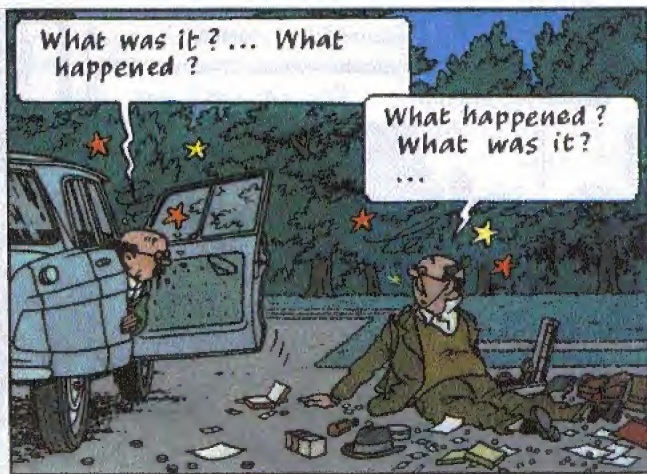


One day I really must
turn out the clutter in
this car!



What was it? ... What
happened?

What happened?
What was it?
...



My dear Captain Padlock ...
Why, you're up! ... I'm so
glad.

Thanks!

It grieves me to cloud your
happiness, but I have sad
news for you: I must leave
you tomorrow.

No! ... Not really?
It can't be true!



Alas, dear Friend! They are clamour-
ing for me at La Scala in Milan: a
farewell performance in Rossini before
I leave for the States.

I'm terribly upset
... I'm shattered.. You
won't change your mind?



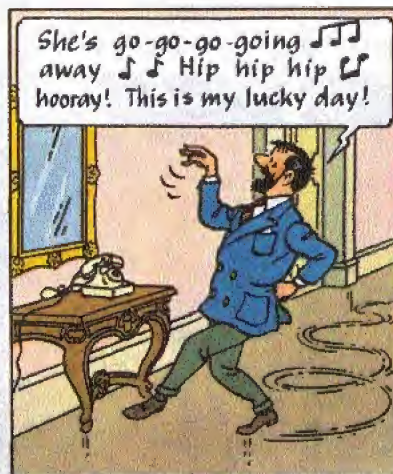
You're an angel, trying
to keep me here, but I
already have my tickets.

Ah!

She's going!
She's going!

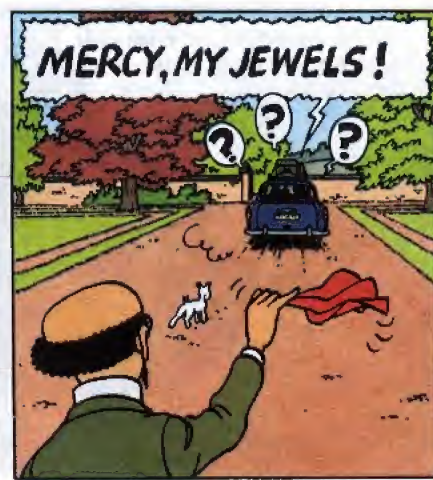
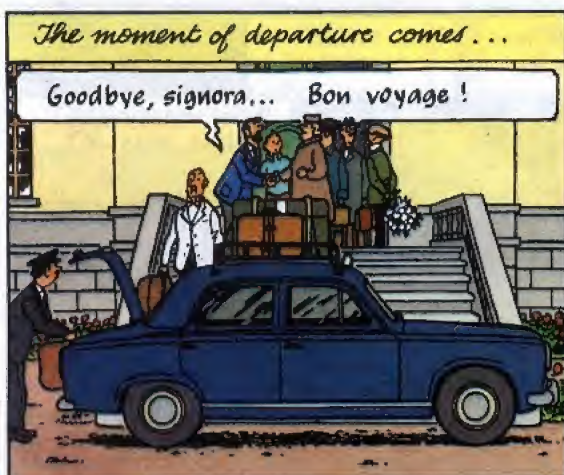


She's go-go-go-going ♪♪
away ♪♪ Hip hip hip ♪♪
hooray! This is my lucky day!



She's go... guo... gug! ... Ta-ra-
ra-er... um... yes... H'mm.







Nightingale with a Broken Heart

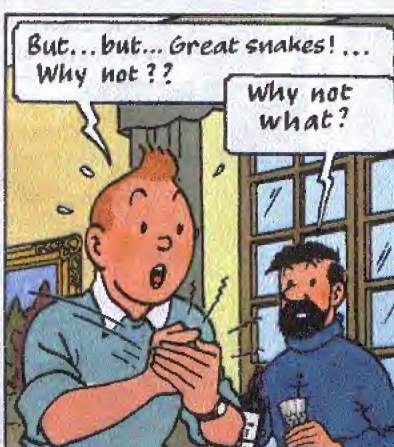
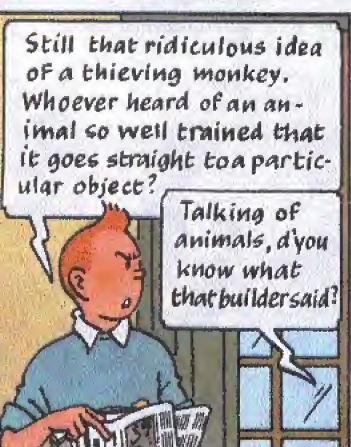
MILAN, TUESDAY

'Triumph ... superlative ... sublime ... unforgettable,' proclaims the Italian press. At La Scala last night the divine Castafiore bid farewell to Europe. An ecstatic audience acclaimed her overwhelming performance in Rossini's LA GAZZA LADRA.

Time and again a delirious house recalled their idol. Fifteen curtains! Bravo! Bravissimo! But can the plaudits of admirers mend a broken heart? For the nightingale still mourns the loss of her most precious jewel.

And have we heard the last of the Castafiore emerald? Not so. Police investigations continue in the Marlinpike area. Was a monkey used to spirit away the jewel, magnificent gift of the Maharajah of Gopal? No comment, say detectives, but suspicion weighs heavily upon local gipsies. And still no sign of the emerald.

From Italy, the Milanese nightingale wings her way tonight



I wonder what's got into him?

Tell me, Captain, is there any message you'd like to send to Signora Castafiore?

A message?... Me?... For Castafiore?

No, a message!... I forgot to tell you, I'm leaving today for Milan: I'm going there to demonstrate my Super-Calcolor to the International Television Congress. Naturally, I shall call upon our charming friend.

Oh? Well, tell her whatever you like: but for pity's sake, don't invite her back to Marlinspike!

That's very kind: I'll tell her. She'll certainly be touched by your invitation...

Captain! Captain!

Now what?... Has he set the house on fire?

Is there a woodman anywhere near?

A woodman?... Yes, Charlie Sawyer, in the village... But why?

Thanks!... Oh, I almost forgot... Ring up the Thompsons... Tell them to come here as soon as possible: about the emerald.

About the emerald?... What?...

Later!... And remember to telephone, won't you?

But Tintin, look here...

Half an hour later...

We've only come as a special flavour... er, savour... er, well, so far as we're concerned, there's absolutely nothing Tintin can add to the case. Once and for all, the job was done by the gipsies, with the help of their monkey.

It's as clear as day to us, eh Thompson?

To be precise: dear as clay. That's my opinion and I'm stuck with it!

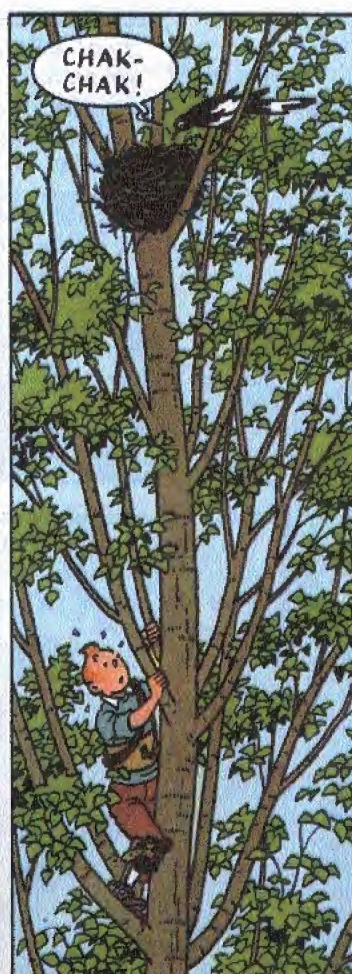
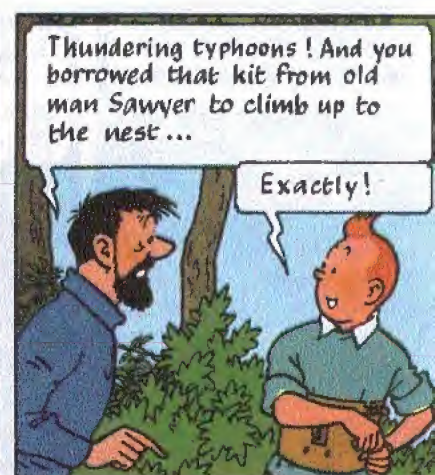
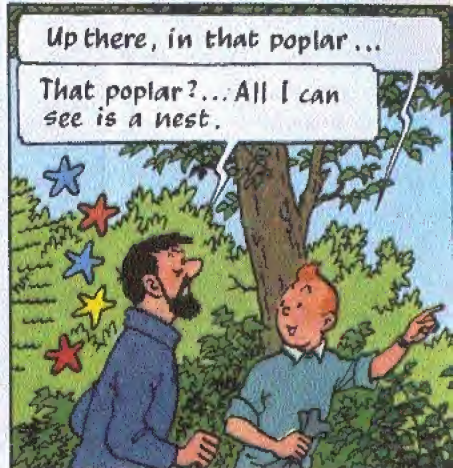
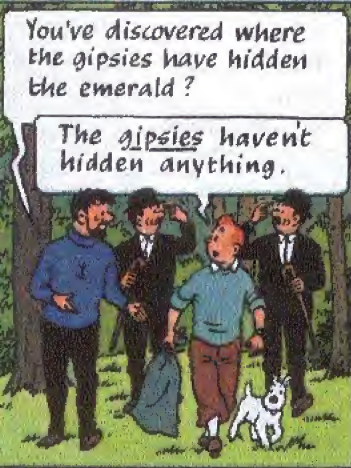
There's only one thing Tintin can tell us: where the emerald is hidden.

And if you'll come with me, gentlemen, I will do precisely that!

You?!

No?!

Yes?!





Look out for the dead branch!



No damage done!... What about you? Have you found anything?

Yes, and how! I've got Irma's thimble ...



AND THE EMERALD! HERE'S THE EMERALD!!



Some bits of glass... a marble... and a monocle... That's the lot... I'm coming down.

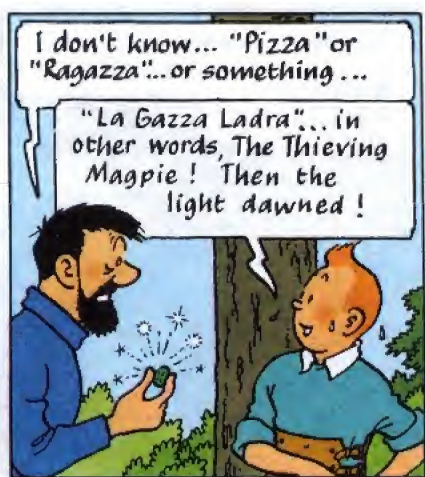
Chak-chak

Thief!



Wonderful!... Tintin, you're a genius!... But what on earth suddenly made you think of a magpie?

Do you remember the name of the opera they mentioned in the paper?



I don't know... "Pizza" or "Ragazza"... or something ...

"La Gazza Ladra"... in other words, The Thieving Magpie! Then the light dawned!



I thought to myself: "There's a 'gazza ladra' somewhere around... But where? ... What about the spot where Miarka found the scissors? They must have fallen from the robber's hiding-place." ... So I ran to look, and there was the nest!... Well, that clears the gipsies!



Just our luck! The one time we manage to catch the culprits they turn out to be innocent! It's really too bad of them!

You'd think they'd done it on purpose!



Anyway, thanks to us, the emerald has turned up. And all we have to do is to return it to Signora Castafiore.

You know, Cuthbert Calculus is just leaving for Milan. Couldn't we give him the jewel?



Definitely not! We and we alone must restore the emerald: we are in beauty downed! ...

As you like: here it is.



You know, what pleases me is the relief for the gipsies. They'll be completely cleared of suspicion now.

It's a sight for sore eyes...

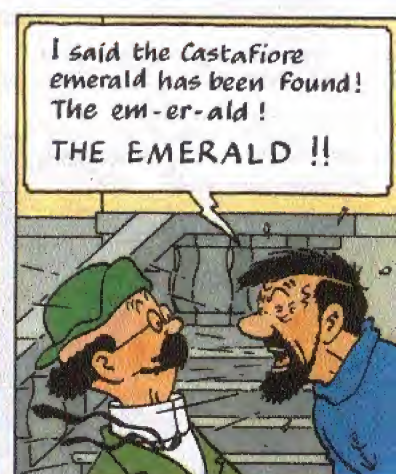
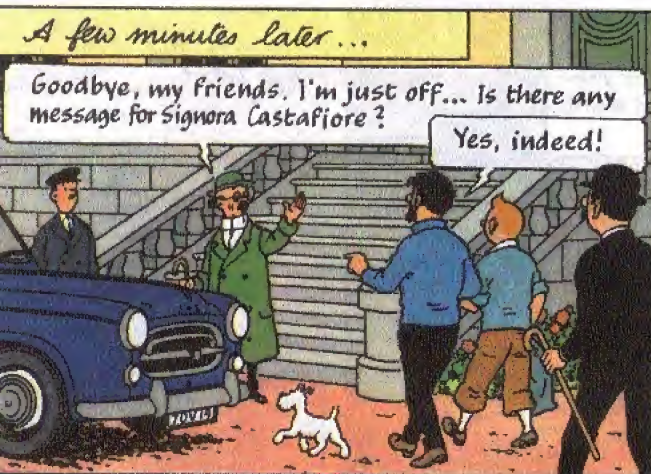
To be precise, I'd say...



?

?

OH!



Look! Mr. Bolt has been to mend the step.

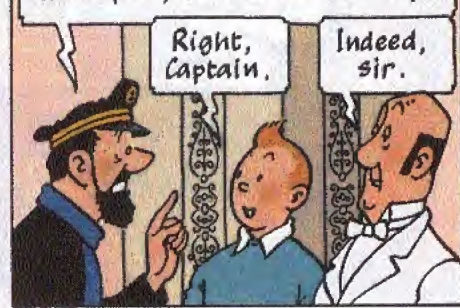


That's wonderful!... Ah, he's put a board across it: to give the mortar time to set. I expect he warned you.



No, he didn't. But it's quite obvious...

Maybe, but I'm just mentioning it for your own good. You can't be too careful. For heaven's sake, remember: don't put your foot on that step!



Right, Captain.

Indeed, sir.

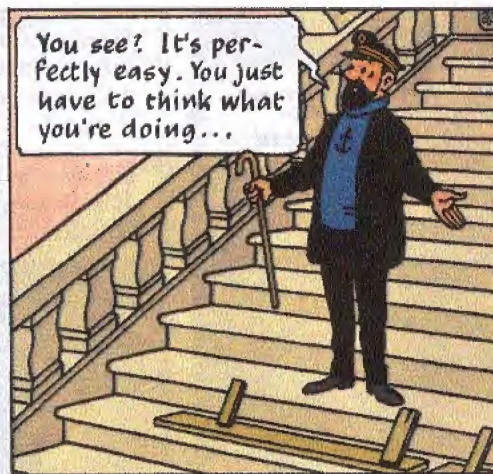
For the next few days you must step over... like tha-a-at! You understand?

Yes, Captain.

Very good, sir.



You see? It's perfectly easy. You just have to think what you're doing...

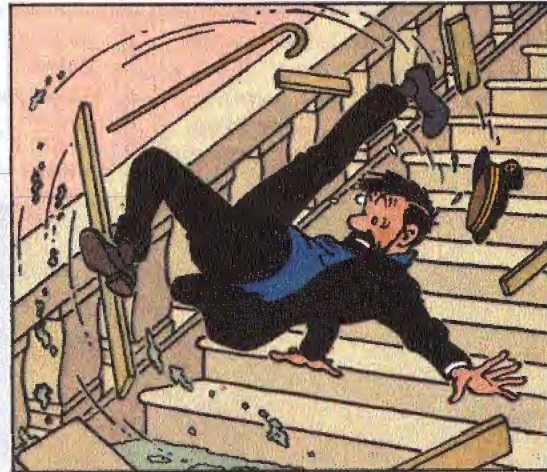


Hello... Who's that?

It's me again... I forgot to tell you...



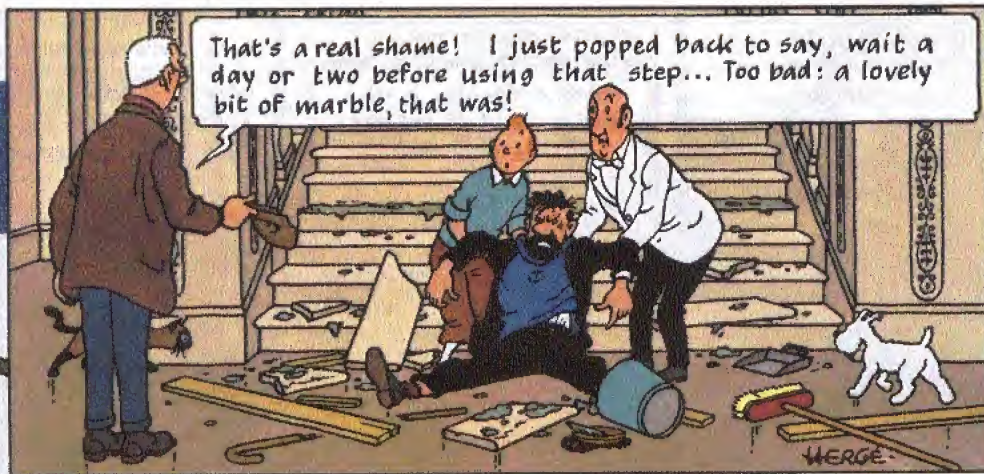
Ah, Mr. Bolt! It was nice of you to come...



TU-WHOO



That's a real shame! I just popped back to say, wait a day or two before using that step... Too bad: a lovely bit of marble, that was!



Chak-chak



Blistering barnacles, that's the end!